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THE PLAY OF  
PATIENT GRISSELL  
BY JOHN PHILLIP

THE MALONE SOCIETY  
REPRINTS

1909 .

This reprint of John Phillip's play of *Patient Grisell*  
has been prepared by Ronald B. McKerrow and the  
General Editor jointly.

*Oct.* 1909.

W. W. Greg.

THE Registers of the Stationers' Company contain the following entries belonging to the years beginning July 1565 and July 1568 respectively:

[1565-6] Recevyd of Thomas Colwell for his lycense for prynting of an history of meke and pacyent gresell . . . . .	iii <sup>d</sup>	Colwell
[1568-9] Recevyd of Thomas Colwell for his lycense for pryntinge of the history of payciente gresell &c. . . . .	viii <sup>d</sup>	Colwell
[Arber's Transcript, I. 309, 385.]		

It seems more likely that these entries refer to the undated quarto of Phillip's comedy, bearing Colwell's name as printer, than to the prose chapbook known only in seventeenth century reprints. The play is, no doubt, to be identified with the 'Old' *Patient Grissell*, recorded in the catalogues of Archer (1656) and Kirkman (1661 and 1671). These entries, however, were lost sight of till 1812, when the *Biographia Dramatica* suggested that they referred to a piece by Ralph Radcliffe recorded by Wood, but which is not known to have been printed. Of the play itself nothing was known to bibliographers till May 1907, when a copy from the library of Lord Mostyn came under the hammer and was bought by Mr. Quaritch for the sum of £250. It is understood that the volume has since left the country.

The original is printed in black letter of the usual English character, interspersed with italic, set solid, and of a body approximating to modern Pica (20 ll. = 83 mm.). Owing to the greater width of modern type and spacing, small Pica, thin leaded, has had to be substituted for unleaded Pica in the present reprint, but this does not materially affect the appearance of the page.

The author, whose name appears as Iohn Phillip, or Phillipp, in the quarto, was presumably the John Philip, Phillip, or Phillips (supposing the same person to be intended) who wrote ballads, tracts, and elegies

between 1566 and 1591. It would seem that Phillip was the most usual form of the name.

The ultimate source of the play is of course the last novel of the *Decameron*, but whether the playwright drew his material direct from Boccaccio has not been ascertained.

## LIST OF IRREGULAR AND DOUBTFUL READINGS

In view of the fact that the original of this piece is no longer accessible, it has been thought well to make the following list a good deal fuller than usual, and in particular to include a number of formal peculiarities of which as a rule no notice would be taken. Complete consistency in the matter must not, of course, be expected. Irregular punctuation has only been noticed where it tends seriously to obscure the sense, or where it fails to mark the ends of speeches.

T.P. <i>Petwyl</i> .	56. <i>acclamoy</i> ,
the <i>Epilogue</i> .	58. <i>Sanſper Fidence</i> ,
and the <i>Daughter</i>	62. <i>Dianais</i>
<i>Fleeteſtreac</i> (?)	fellowed (?)
Pref. 7. <i>flow</i> . ( <i>flow</i> .)	64. <i>ouer thye</i> ,
9. <i>wyght</i> : ( <i>wyght</i> , i.e. write)	68. <i>ther by</i>
12. <i>Kay</i>	74. <i>atchine</i> ,
15. <i>Appollois</i>	78. <i>Salutiais</i>
20. <i>praife</i> , ( <i>praife</i> .)	80. <i>diſplaye</i> : ( <i>diſplaye</i> .)
Text 1. <i>perſwaſion</i> . ( <i>Perſwaſion</i> .)	81. <i>agoodlie</i>
2. <i>Sante</i> , (i.e. <i>santy</i> ?)	87. <i>Cautier</i> (?)
7. <i>with ſtande</i> ,	92. <i>what</i>
16. <i>apeſent</i> ,	96. <i>a midſt</i>
17. <i>adiſhe</i>	102. <i>ſynde</i> : ( <i>ſynde</i> .)
23. <i>awodcoke</i> ,	103. <i>thee</i> , ( <i>thee</i> ?)
33. <i>faſt</i> (i.e. <i>faced</i> )	104. <i>bee</i> : ( <i>bee</i> .)
44. <i>al mightie</i>	105. <i>doat</i> , ( <i>doat</i> .)
47. <i>churliſhe</i> ,	109. <i>lo</i> , ( <i>lo</i> , ?)
to <i>hoke</i>	110 c.w. <i>Wel</i> (III. <i>Well</i> )
49. to <i>hoke</i>	118. <i>dilligence</i> , ( <i>dilligence</i> .)
51. to <i>his</i> ( <i>took his</i> ?)	122. <i>occaſyon</i> , ( <i>occaſyon</i> )
55. <i>abagpype</i> ,	124. <i>inuallpon</i> , (i.e. <i>beginning</i> )

136. eare. (period doubtful)  
 145. hīde. (?)  
 147. Sāint tan,  
 148 c.w. Wēe. (149. Wē)  
 153. regratu|(lac)on  
       (regratu=|(lac)on:)  
 160. hīne (i.e. bin or been)  
 163. ioy, (ioy)  
       snare (snare.)  
 168. tastar. (tastar.)  
 171. sacared (sacred)  
 172. But (*Fidence*. But?)  
 173. Twice (*Gautier*. Twice?)  
 175. ethall  
 176. *vestais* (*Vestas*)  
 179. rule, (rule)  
 185 c.w. Quoth (186. Quod)  
 194. possesse, (posse?)  
 209. taylor: (taylor)  
 216. Syngyng.  
       (Syngyng)  
 218 c.w. The Songe.  
       (The Songe but see note  
       below)  
 230. þ (?)  
 236. po|(wer, (po=|(wer,)  
 237. feare, (feare)  
 244. whīch  
 254. all  
 255. as, (as)  
 267. declare: (declare.)  
 270. rayled, (rayled)  
 284. fostred ought,  
 286. for bīd,  
       myfalt,  
 287. cease (cease.)  
 292. forthere port, (forthe  
       report,)  
 295. lest (lest)  
 298. me selfe  
 307. him giue him, (him,  
       giue him)  
 308. spīt  
 312. fruts  
 317. contimelpous  
 324. Ianakell,  
 326. framed, (?)  
 328. Where wīth  
 329. and, (and)  
 331. lemd (leme)  
 334. in crealed  
 337. Ianickell (last l doubtful)  
 347. *Exiunt* (*Exiunt*.)  
 348. Gods ye God  
       gam,  
 349. nurtred (nurtured)  
       am, (?)  
 352. wīth out  
 354. a none  
 362. Hellin  
 364. costant  
 365. doe, (doe)  
 367. toulde (toulde?)  
 368. trackt (i.e. duration)  
 370. atwoise,  
 371. make  
 374. abodkin  
 378. Saynt tan,  
 381. esppe, (esppe.)  
 383. eie, (eie.)  
 384. impudnte,  
       (impudente,)  
 386. plaue (plague)  
       pre. (pre,)  
 388. exsceed,  
 392. name, (comma doubtful)  
 395. husbaudes  
 415. tēcōmaundemētis

415. face (face.)  
 416. *Reason* (?)  
 417. clatter, (clatter.)  
 421. perswasion, (Perswasion,)  
 429. symper (i.e. simmer)  
 433. kent. (Kent.)  
 434. a parte  
 442. almoake,  
 447. selfe will  
 448. aclyons  
 449. subieckes  
 450. with out  
 452. with out  
     dape, (dape.)  
 455. spoule, (spoule.)  
     fame (fame.)  
 456 c.w. Gill (457. Gyll)  
 457. Cowes, (Cowes.)  
 458. fecth (fetch)  
     celeritie, (celeritie.)  
 459. veritie, (veritie.)  
 460. binde, (binde.)  
 463. clad, (clad.)  
 464. *Reason* (?)  
 465. abanquit  
 467. depert  
 471. aneed,  
 475. God dyld ge,  
 478. *Exiunt*. (*Exit*.)  
 481. For, (For)  
 482. unde: (i.e. assigned)  
 484. preft (preft:)  
 486. (ah las)  
 490. *Thersicora*,  
 512. a pace  
 517. wise (e doubtful)  
 527. *Exiunt*. (*Exit*.)  
     c.w. ¶ A (¶ Enter)  
 530. a pace, (apace.)  
 532. other, (other.)  
 534. well, (well.)  
 536. fynde (fynde.)  
 539. thuo (thou)  
     foole, (foole.)  
 540. coloe, (coole. i.e. cowl?)  
 541. Jshake  
 542. hope, (hope.)  
 543. a do  
 544. coye, (coye.)  
 545. rpd (i.e. rede)  
 546. pat (pate.)  
 547. do not care,  
 548. dare, (dare.)  
 549. mockes, (mockes.)  
 553. in crease  
 566. renome, (renowne,)  
 567. with in  
 577. sitst (sits)  
     a boue, (aboue)  
 578. in crease,  
 579. frutsof  
 592. No more (No more)  
 612. awaye, (awaye.)  
 618. speede, (?)  
 622. athing  
 624. *Crispell* (?)  
 626. gubernoꝝ  
 644. hys (hys)  
 646. fire, (comma doubtful)  
 647. seuer (i.e. severe)  
 650. *Ianakell*  
     anoble  
 653. mortosie  
 656. wheare with  
 664. profounded  
 678. abetter  
     ameeter  
 683. fame thoundzed

687. with out  
 689. Anaxaretis  
       (i.e. Anaxarete)  
 690. for loyne,  
 702. Heling  
 703. quoine, (i.e. coin)  
 706. fulmanie  
 708. you (your?)  
 714. Cautier. (?)  
 716. praye (i.e. something that  
       preys)  
 718. Insunder  
 733. fragarant,  
       Virins (Virgins)  
 751. Ahlas) (Ahlaz,)  
 753. releuee  
 755 c.w. Ik nowe (?)  
 759. kembe  
 769, 776. Crisfell (?)  
 782. pourforth  
 795. whear as  
 798. whear as  
 800. Cautier (?)  
 801. Godwilling  
 815. bliffed.  
 819. Thefore  
 821, 824. Cauter (?)  
 822, 827, 830, 836, 846,  
       858. Crisfell (?)  
 822. vnfitly (vnfitty?)  
 826. Ianickll  
 827. Pour (¶ Pour)  
 832. Cauter. (?)  
 833. Nobillitie?  
       (¶ Nobillitie.)  
 839. malkin. (¶ Malkin.)  
 870. ¶ Pot (Crisfell ¶ Pot?)  
 872. in strucke,  
 878. Crisfell, (?)

884. Crisfell (?)  
 890. chaffing  
       to gether,  
 906. nowe (none?)  
       obsequies, (i.e. service)  
 909. curtuous  
 915. auengeaunce,  
 919. Crisfell (?)  
 932. flinge, (flinge)  
 941. countrie, (countrie.)  
 942. Politicke (Reason)  
       thon. (thou. or thou?)  
 943. Reason (Politicke)  
 944. Dilligenc (second l doubtful)  
 948. abewtifull  
 950. Reason (?)  
 952. Pollitcke  
       speede, (speede.)  
 953. box  
 957. lasse  
 963. shallbe  
 973. iust, (u doubtful)  
 976. curtuously  
 981. Fate: (colon doubtful)  
 989. chasted (i.e. made chaste)  
 992. God ge goddeauen  
 993. import,  
 1010. presence, (presence.)  
 1034. Cautier (?)  
       disclose. (disclose—)  
 1035. Pollit cke (? , but there is no  
       room for an i)  
 1035-6. (properly one line)  
 1037. aye, (aye)  
 1038. Pollitcke  
 1042. execute  
 1055. spopts (spots)  
 1056. wofull  
 1057, 1059, 1067, 1085. Crisfell (?)

1057. praythe  
 1060. Ceke  
 1063. perhapes (?)  
 1072. a pace.  
 1073. pretly  
 1075. A way  
     to gether  
 1077. a bounde,  
 1078. none  
 1079. be fall,  
 1082. painys, (plaints,)  
 1087. Cauter (?)  
 1089. this? (this:)  
     weeded (wedded)  
 1091. rulling (ruling)  
 1094. with  
 1096. Chid (Child)  
     flain (flain.)  
 1098. for goe,  
 1101. mattrous  
 1109. attompt (attempt)  
 1110. fulfill, (fulfill.)  
 1111. Cautier (?)  
 1112. goze  
 1113. a waie  
 1116. be houlde,  
 1118. thoughys (thoughts)  
 1122. procept (precept)  
 1124. watfull (wathfull)  
 1130. abieckt like (i.e. abiecklike)  
 1131. remaine. (remaine,)  
 1134. for goe,  
 1136. heauie (u doubtful)  
 1139. aplace  
 1144. defournd (defournd)  
 1151. this a Dicke  
 1152. saye (l doubtful)  
 1155. pouncar  
     whoe, (ho, i.e. stop?)
1156. atword  
 1160. Arthousand  
     with stande,  
 1165. Maid, (Maid.)  
 1169. fone, (e doubtful)  
 1178. Childe, (Childe.)  
 1179. in crease  
 1180. with out  
     doubts (doubte?)  
 1186. see, (comma doubtful)  
 1188. praye, the (praye the, ?)  
 1201. ffare well  
 1212. refell.  
 1214. pourforth  
 1218. in tend.  
     Exiunt (Exiunt.)  
 1219. goue. (gone. or gone?  
     period doubtful, perhaps  
     comma)  
 1221. a slepe,  
 1232. Digges nie  
 1234. Exit (Exit.)  
 1235. Countes, (Countes.)  
     splendish  
 1236. Be loued  
 1242. for goe,  
 1244. constraine  
     (constraine.)  
 1245. Maid, (Maid.)  
 1248. meastfully (first l doubtful)  
 1250. own (own.)  
 1255. a pace.  
 1263. Dilligence, (final e doubtful)  
 1268. trixt (twixt)  
 1269. seccrit  
 1280. yeld (n doubtful)  
     Exit (Exit.)  
 1283. cnnninge  
 1287. Maid, (Maid.)

1289. *afairer*  
 1291. *Countes*, (*Countes.*)  
 1295. *aplainē*  
 1305. *Defull* (*Deuill*)  
 1308. *afouſe*.  
 1313. *thou* (*thee?*)  
 1319. *fare* (*i.e.* far)  
 1320. *to gether*, (comma doubtful, possibly period)  
 1323. *daye*, (*daye.*)  
     *Exiunt* (*Exiunt.*)  
 1332. *feſtinacion*. (*feſtinacion,*)  
 1341. *Exiunt*. (*Exit.?*)  
 1342. *aliberall*  
 1349. *Exit* (a small mark, probably not a period)  
 1352. *anotable*  
 1355. *Laſe* (*i.e.* Laugh)  
 1363. *gawng* (*i.e.* gallons)  
 1380. *a hide*  
 1384. *baſy*, (comma doubtful)  
 1394. *pretly*  
 1403. *S. Tan*,  
 1419. *foʒce perfoʒce*, (*i.e.* by force)  
 1428. *flape* (?)  
 1434. *ye nough*  
 1445. *praye*: (*praye.*)  
 1446. *ſo?* (*ſo.*)  
 1448. *intolloyable*  
 1473. *abloe*, (*i.e.* a blow)  
 1474. *Abloe*  
     *in creaſe*,  
 1485. *to gether*,  
 1492. *will*. (period doubtful)  
 1496. *bʒe*, (*bʒe.*)  
 1504. *mynde*, (*mynde*)  
 1510. *neclēct*,  
 1515. *grace*: (*grace.*)  
     *wiſe* (*wiſe:*)  
 1517. *away* (*away.*)  
 1522. *buſbandg*  
 1535. *in haunce*  
 1541. *peace*, (?)  
 1543. *Theſe* (first & doubtful)  
 1545. *another*, (*another*)  
     *clockinge*  
 1553. *bnſittie*  
 1563. *laſſinge*  
 1565. *conceaied*  
 1569. *lumiuing* (*lumining*)  
 1585. *acoward*,  
 1586. *agentillman*  
 1587. *aſyg*.  
 1590. *Saint tan*,  
 1598. *Saint*, (*Saint*)  
 1599. *deſeaſes* (*deſeaſe?*)  
 1609. *ſtoberneſ*,  
 1618. *Theſbe*  
 1621. *here of*  
 1625. *Juellus* (*Juelles*)  
 1627. *to* (*t* doubtful)  
 1638. *in conuenience*,  
 1645. *be houlde*  
 1652. *a waie*  
 1653. *laſſinge*  
 1665. *St. tan*,  
 1677. *expreſſ* *ye* (?)  
 1689. *thʒough out*  
 1695. *needfull*  
 1696. *pinche* (*pincheth?*)  
 1701. *Under*  
 1718. *Exit* (*Exit.*)  
 1725. *Ahlaſ* (*Ahlaſ.*)  
 1728. *hane* (*haue*)  
 1737. *guid*, (*guide.*)  
 1739. *daye time and tʒde*,  
 1743. *Exiunt* (*Exiunt.*)  
 1777. *no part* (*not part?*)

1786. Const ancy.	1972. depert
1790. in struckt	1981. for goe,
1795. minde, (minde)	1986. alittill
1799. who so	1994. creatuers
hs, to (hs to i.e. us two)	1999. Here in
1806. Conslanci	2000. a boyding
1813. anecessary	scrupelous
1816. Ianakell	2005. fruts,
1819. Pacience (final e doubtful)	2010. a legeaunce
1820. coustancye (constancye)	2017. Marques (a doubtful mark
Exiunt (Exiunt.)	after the s)
1823. whom (i.e. home)	2019. curtuousie
1824. Hellin	2021. bnfittie,
1830. here of	2029. With in
1832. tractable, (tractable.)	2030. a bound,
1833. How (Ho,)	2033. in crease
1845. do (doth)	2053. Where as
1866. in tende,	2056. Daughtr
1883. Daughtr	2060. in creaseth
1890. see, (see.)	for ow, (not room for a
1901. aredines,	second l)
youngman	2062. he waile,
1911. courtuous:	2064. with in
1919. courtuous	mghtest (mightest)
1926. diffinition: (colon	in ioye
doubtful)	2069. entder (enter)
1947. seeist	2089. Daughtr
1959. Daughtr	2090. ioyfullnes, (ioyfullnes.)
1962. fruictes,	2093. Postemus
Childlie	2100. metoz (i.e. metre)
1967. pon (?)	2119. quight, (i.e. quite)

Many of the headlines are cropped, and in some cases it is impossible to tell whether the consonant in the middle of the word **Patient** is a **t** or a **c**. The headlines on F3, G2<sup>v</sup>, and H4 are doubtful in this respect. On D2 and E2<sup>v</sup> the period at the end of the headline is doubtful. Catchwords disregard speakers' names and also the ¶ at the beginning of speeches (but not of stage directions) except in one instance (G4<sup>v</sup>: ¶ Daughter; but cf. E4). The names Gautier and Grissell caused an

excessive demand on the stock of italic upper-case G, and in some cases a C was used instead. Since, however, the difference is not sufficiently marked to allow of the instances being distinguished with certainty, G has been always used in the reprint, cases open to suspicion being recorded in the above list. Periods are quite arbitrarily inserted or omitted after speakers' names: in some instances a comma is used, but this is presumably a mere misprint and has been recorded as such. In many places, especially where the dialogue is rapid, commas are freely used at the end of speeches, but all instances have been recorded in the above list.

At the foot of B<sub>3</sub><sup>v</sup> the words *The Sonage*. have been treated as catchwords, in which case the period is a misprint. The words at the head of B<sub>4</sub>, however, *The Sonage of Patient Grissell*. recur on the verso, and have to be treated as a running-title. If, therefore, the words at the foot of B<sub>3</sub><sup>v</sup> are intended as catchwords they are altogether wrong, for *God* is the first word of text on B<sub>4</sub>. Most probably *The Sonage*. was intended as a heading (the catchword being omitted), and if so the line should have been included in the numbering.

## LIST OF CHARACTERS

in order of appearance.

POLITIC PERSUASION, the Vice.	Nurse of Grissell's children.
GAUTIER, Marquis of Salutia.	Maid to Grissell.
FIDENCE	COUNTESS OF PANGO, sister to
REASON	Gautier.
SOBRIETY	Maid to the Countess.
GRISSELL, daughter to Janicle.	a Midwife.
the Mother of Grissell.	RUMOR.
JANICLE, a peasant.	VULGUS, a citizen of Salutia.
INDIGENT POVERTY, his friend.	PATIENCE.
two Lackeys.	CONSTANCY.
Ladies of the court.	Daughter
DILIGENCE, messenger of Gautier.	Son
	} of Grissell.

A list of characters appears on the title-page. It is incomplete, omitting the Ladies of the court and Grissell's maid. Indigence is, of course, Indigent Poverty; the Pages, the Lackeys; and Common people, Vulgus. The parts are distributed among eight actors, but the arrangement is faulty. Thus the fourth actor was to play Reason, Diligence, the Countess' Maid, Patience, and the Daughter of Grissell. But Reason

and Diligence are on the stage together from l. 944 to l. 951: Diligence and the Countess' Maid from l. 1257 to l. 1280: Reason and Grissell's Daughter from l. 1877 to l. 1976: while, though Patience and Diligence are not actually on the stage at the same time, they are allotted almost consecutive speeches, ll. 1819-21. Again the fifth actor was to play Sobriety, the Countess, Vulgus, and Constancy. But Sobriety and the Countess are on the stage together from l. 1877 to l. 1976, and Sobriety and Vulgus from l. 1703 to l. 1718. The epilogue, spoken by Postremus Actor, is assigned to the actor of the Vice. The last individual speaker is Gautier, but the phrase may merely mean that one actor appeared after the others had gone off and spoke the epilogue. Politic Persuasion is not on in the last scene.

At l. 58 is marked the entrance of Sansper (Sans-peur?) of whom nothing more is heard. It is possible, however that the name does not indicate a separate character, but is a mere epithet of Fidence. There is no intervening comma, nor much room for one. The spelling of several names varies. Gauter appears frequently for Gautier; Janickel or Janickell for Janicle. Janakell is presumably a misprint. Grissill for Grissell, though occurring on the title-page, is rare elsewhere. Variants such as Sobrietie are, of course, frequent. Among place names Salutia stands for Saluzzo, Bullin Lagras for Bologna, Pango for Panago.

The original bears no trace of division into acts and scenes, and since the intended arrangement is not absolutely certain none has been attempted in the reprint. A list, however, of entrances and exits, together with a tentative division into scenes, may help to make the action clearer, and is therefore added in this place. An asterisk distinguishes those directions which are unmarked in the original.

1. SCENE I. Enter Politic Persuasion.  
 58. Enter Gautier, Fidence, Reason, Sobriety.  
 213. Exeunt ditto.  
 215. \*Exit Politic Persuasion.  
 216. SCENE II. Enter Grissell, Mother, Janicle, Indigent Poverty.  
 347. Exeunt.  
 348. SCENE III. \*Enter Politic Persuasion.  
 360 (?) \*Enter Gautier, Fidence, Reason, Sobriety.  
 468. Exeunt ditto.  
 478. Exit Politic Persuasion.  
 479. SCENE IV. Enter Grissell.  
 527. Exit.  
 528. SCENE V. Enter two Lackeys.  
 550. Exeunt.  
 551. SCENE VI. Enter Grissell.  
 564. \*Exit.  
 565. SCENE VII. Enter Gautier, Reason, Sobriety, Ladies.  
 594. \*Enter Grissell.  
 619. \*Exit Grissell and re-enter with Janicle.  
 777. Exeunt Grissell and Ladies.  
 820. \*Re-enter ditto.  
 877. Exeunt all but Janicle (see 838).  
 888. Exit Janicle.  
 889. SCENE VIII. \*Enter Politic Persuasion.  
 903. Enter Reason, Sobriety.  
 944. \*Enter Diligence.  
 951. \*Exeunt Reason, Sobriety, Diligence.  
 968. Enter Gautier.  
 1008. \*Enter Diligence.  
 1057. \*Enter Grissell, Nurse, Maid (?).  
 1192. Exeunt all but Gautier, Grissell, Politic Persuasion.  
 1218. Exeunt Gautier, Grissell.  
 1234. Exit Politic Persuasion.  
 1235. SCENE IX. \*Enter the Countess, Maid.  
 1257. \*Enter Diligence.  
 1280. Exit Diligence.  
 1292. Exeunt Countess, Maid.  
 1293. SCENE X. \*Enter Politic Persuasion.  
 1309. \*Enter Midwife.  
 1323. Exeunt.  
 1324. SCENE XI. \*Enter Gautier.  
 1335. \*Enter Diligence.  
 1341. Exit Gautier.  
 1349. Exit Diligence.  
 1350. SCENE XII. \*Enter Politic Persuasion.  
 1369. Exit.  
 1370. SCENE XIII. Enter Nurse.  
 1400. Enter Diligence.  
 1447. Exit Diligence.  
 1471. Exit Nurse.  
 1472. SCENE XIV. \*Enter Politic Persuasion.  
 1488. \*Enter Gautier, Grissell, Maid.  
 1664. Exeunt all but Politic Persuasion.  
 1670. Exit Politic Persuasion.  
 1671. SCENE XV. Enter Rumor.  
 1687. \*Exit.  
 1688. SCENE XVI. Enter Vulgus.  
 1703. \*Enter Grissell, Reason, Sobriety.  
 1719. Exit Vulgus.  
 1723. \*Enter Janicle.  
 1743. Exeunt Reason, Sobriety.  
 1786. Enter Patience, Constancy.  
 1820. Exeunt.  
 1821. SCENE XVII. \*Enter Diligence.  
 1833. \*Enter Grissell.  
 1876. Exeunt.  
 1877. SCENE XVIII. \*Enter Gautier, Countess, Daughter, Son, Reason, Sobriety.

- |                               |                                |
|-------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1901. *Enter Grissell.        | 2044. SCENE XX. *Enter the     |
| 1976. Exeunt.                 | Countess, Grissell,            |
| 1977. SCENE XIX. *Enter       | Daughter, Son.                 |
| Janicle.                      | 2072. *Enter Gautier, Janicle. |
| 1989. *Enter Gautier, Reason, | 2091. Exeunt.                  |
| Sobriety.                     | Postremus Actor speaks the     |
| 2043. Exeunt.                 | Epilogue.                      |
- 

The best thanks of his fellow members are due to Mr. Bernard Quaritch for his generosity in placing the unique original at the disposal of the Society.

# THE COMMODYE OF patient and meeke Grissill,

Wherein is declared, the good example,  
of her patience towarde her hus-  
band : and lykewise, the  
due obedience of Childien,  
toward their Parentes.  
Newly.

Compiled by Iohn Phillip.

¶ Eight persons maye easely play this Commody.

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2. Preface. Marquis. For another.
3. Fidence. Indigence. The second Page of Serving man,  
The Sonne of Grissill. For another.
4. Reason. Dilligence. Countis Mayd. Pacience.  
and the Daughter of Grissill. For another.
5. Sobrietie. Countis of Pango. Comon people. Constancy.
6. Humour. Iannickle.
7. Iannickells Wife. The first of the Pages. The Parle.
8. Grissill. The Widow.

Imprinted at London,  
in Fleetstreet beneath the Conduit,  
at the signe of Saint Iohn Euau-  
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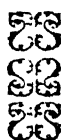
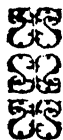
# The Preface.

**I**f case by Doets skill, or *Pallas* prudent ayd  
 Historians oft in *Hystories*, their hole delightes haue staide  
 To pen & paynt forth painfully, the modest liues of those,  
 That do in Vertues Schoole their hoap, and confidence repose:  
 Then wandringe in the *Forrestes* wyde, wher fragrant flowers  
 I meane in searching *Hystories*, wherin doth wisdom flow. (grow  
 Our *Auctoz* found out one, wherin he tooke delight,  
 And moued therto by his frend, gaue franke consent to wright:  
 So simple as hee coulde, though wantyng hawtie skill,  
 In that from *Helicons* fayre spring, the *Muses* him erile:  
 He would *Kay Citheria* seeme, Dame *Clio* to permit,  
 To garnish him with *Rhetorique*, the Gods did frowne at it:  
 So peulish *Pan* possessed him, whose rusticke Pipes did carpe,  
 Whose concordes were far dissonant, to sweete *Appollo's* Harpe:  
 Yet beare with him, and vs also, wee homblpe you desyre,  
 Let *Grieffulls* *Pacience* swaye in you, wee do you all require,  
 Whose *Hystoꝛy* wee vnto you, in humble wise present,  
 Beseechyng God, wee alwayes maye in trouble bee content:  
 And learne with hir in weale and woe, the Lord our God to praise,  
 My time is past, my charge is done, I needs must go my wayes.

Finys.

A.ii

Enter



¶ Enter Politicke perswasion.

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 For I may say to you I had a sodden fall,  
 Euen now I saue *Venus* milkinge a Cowe,  
 Who toke me by y<sup>e</sup> hand & led me to her palace royall  
 Where *Cupid* hir sonne sat with his bowe in hande,  
 Lyke a manlye Archer his foocs to with stande,  
 He spread the table and made me good cheare,  
 We had Cakes and Creaime plentifull store,  
 But thence I was taken and carried by the heare,  
 And placste at the entrie of *Iupiters* doze,  
 Who peeping out at the keyhole espied my face,  
 And with capp and knce welcommed my good grace,  
 Lorde what solace was made at my enteraunce,  
*Orpheus* the God of harmonie, was sent for to supper,  
 And *Mercurius* for appercent, a frend of mine elde acquaintaunce,  
 Brought to welcome me, abishe of Almond Butter,  
 Saint Peter fryed Pancakes a iolly good pace  
 And sent them as daynties to *Iupiters* grace  
 Ther was no remedie but I must lodge ther all night,  
 And in the morninge after breakfast was done,  
 I was set on a Horse which to my Iudgement and sight,  
 Was snowted like a wodcroke, and bellied like a Donne,  
 But Lorde so he pzaunted from the topp of *Imos* Towze,  
 Hee carried me thze hundzeth mille in the space of an hour,  
 But by chaunce comminge to the paullion of mightie *Mars*,  
*Bellona* the goddis of battaile in Armo<sup>r</sup> was clad,  
 With twentie thousand men waightinge at hir ars,  
 Which sight so amazed me that as one besttraught o<sup>r</sup> mad  
 I spurred cut with my furie outragious and fell,  
 That he cast me heelonge to the Dungeon of Hell,  
 As a new come gest I was plased at *Belzabubs* Table,  
 But such a sight of Crabtree sacst knaues were seruito<sup>r</sup>s ther,  
 I swear by myne hono<sup>r</sup>, I vse not to fable,  
 They put my manly hart in a wounderfull feare.

B.i.

But

# The Plaine of Patient Grisseil.

That vnto thy truth they may beare lone and zeale,  
Vnto them (O God) the spright of knotoledge reueale,  
That synne may be extirped and rooted out quight,  
And we vnto truth, and virtue, for our delight.

Finis. qd. John Whilipp.

**Imprinted at London,**  
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FACSIMILES BY HORACE HART, M.A., AT THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

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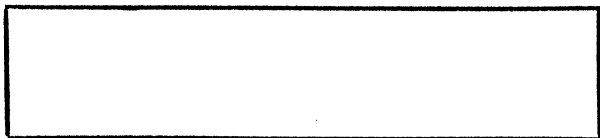
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10

20

30

## The Plaie of Patient Grissell.

But then calling to *Jupiter* for his fauour and grace,  
 I was sodenly tranſported, by his Angell from that place:  
 And ſet on my Hoſe backe euen as I was beſore,  
 And poſtinge to and froe, my prauncer fell on his knees:  
 Euen right againſt the entre, of his glorious goodly doze,  
 Who ſat by the fyres ſyde, eating of Bread and Cheeſe:  
 God ſpede quoth I and quickly open the gate,  
 But he gaped gredelye and had me ceaſe my prate,  
 Thou wilt wake God al mightie & his Angels out of their ſlomber  
 Nay quoth I thou art loath thy dynner to loſe,  
 But at that worde I ſweare by ſayncte Duncomber  
 He caſt me downe churliſhe, and had lyke to hoke my noſe,  
 Throughe the thicke cloudes I had a merueilous fall,  
 That I had lyke to hoke my necke on the rope of weſtminſter hall  
 But charinge croſſe was my frende and caught my lege in his hand  
 The werthercocke of Paules to ayd me to his flight, 51  
 And betwen theſe two franions ye ſhall vnderſtand,  
 I was ſet on my legges and reyd bryght,  
 The croſſe in cheape for ioye I had ſcap't this ill fauoured chaunce,  
 Did playe on abagpype, and the ſtanderd did daunce.

Heare let ther be aclamoꝝ, with whouping and halowinge,  
 As thoughe ye weare huntinge, or chaſinge the game.

Enter *Gautier*, *Sanſper Fidence*, *Reaſone*, and *Sobriete*.

*Gautier*. Euen now from hawtie woods, wher Eccole ſyluer ſownde,  
 Amonge the throubs and balles loe, to ſkyes dorth forth rebound 60  
 Euen ſynce *Aurora* gan to hoe, on earth ſeaire *Phebus* race,  
*Dianais* knights by earneſt toyle, haue followed the chace,  
 The wading Bucke by ſtaggrig ſtroke, of launch from bloody hoe  
 And nimble courſe of ſilly houndes, hath caught the ouer throe,  
 To noble ſtates the Venall game, of huntinge dorth pertaine,  
 To recreate ther triſtie mindes, and make them ioye againe,  
 So we which longe in ſecret cloſe, haue kept the walled towne,  
 Did iudge it mete the chace to ſue, ther by to wyn renowane,  
 A worthis wight I *Gautier* am, and *Marquis* by diſcent, 69  
 Of parents noble languine race, whole fames moſt excelent, (bin  
 In auriat troump, w chearfull boice, throughe Europ blowne hath  
 Whole iuſt deſerts in marciall feats, the laurell wreath did win.

As

# The Plaie of Patient Grissell.

As they did lastie rule, *Salutias* worthye towne,  
 So I their seede do fame atchaine, who thundreth my renowne:  
 Speake on my knightly knightes, eche one shewe forth your mind  
 If that in vs throught ruling state, once faultie ye vs fynde.

*Fidence.* As you molke worthye wight conserue, our countrie men from  
 And seeke *Salutias* lawes by toyle, & studie to maintaine, (paine,  
 So wee your leige men still consent, your honoz to obaye,  
 Insufficient are wee noble Lorde, thy vertues to displaye: 80

*Politicke* Hunters quoth you? mary heres agoodlie rable,  
 They haue slaine Buckes as manie as I le holde in my hand,  
 To eate Venisson the knaues be able,  
 But the flesh that they kill, feedes in the Sea sand:  
 God speed master Hunter, haue you killed anye Chukes,  
 I beleue your Houndes haue spoyld my Beldames Duckes.

*Gautier* What art thou that thus vnreuerently dost prate,  
 Ether for what causedost thou thy selfe thus myluse,  
 Dost thou not blushe my honozable estate,  
 Thus shamlesly with skorninges to abuse. 90

*Politick.* If yst to reanswer your former assercion,  
 what am I nay stape ther, I know not my selfe,  
 But you may see by my naturall condicpon,  
 I am neyther Collit, Calfe, Oxe, nor Elfe,  
 Perther the quallites of any hyt beast can I put in bre,  
 Hauinge such a thinge a midst my face I am sure.

*Gautier.* Thou semest some merve companion to be,  
 What is thy name declare vnto me.

*Politicke* My name, body o God, I am cleane nipt in the head,  
 My name, whye wher is it, what is it fled, 100  
 A name quoth you? marie I am nowe dressed in my kynde,  
 I had rather then fortie pence my name I could fynde:

*Reason* Hearest thou felowe, what shall wee call thee,

*Politicke* Euen as you please, so let it bee:

*Sobrietie* Euen as I please, I perceiue thou doest doat, (Boat,

*Politicke* In faith sir my name is gone to hunt Hadookes, in cocke Loxells  
 But I will not cease huntinge, as a Hound doth for his praye,  
 Till I haue found it agayne by this good dape,  
 So, so, so, lo, now seeke all about,  
 Nowe searche euerie hole, wythin and without,

# The Plaie of Patient Grissell.

- Well sought and now found at the last,  
 I haue followed my chace wonderfull fast,  
 Would you know my name saye me with speed,  
 I am cauled Politicke perswasion in deed.
- Gautier.* Politicke perswasion a name right excellent,  
 And for our person very conuenient,  
 Wherefore if thou wilt with vs haue residence,  
 Thou shalt be intertayned, btinge thy dilligence,
- Politick.* I thanke you, and I will so do, that my behauior,  
 Shall merit I trust your loue and fauor.
- Gautier.* Well now my seruants sit ye eleuate my prayse,  
 For impetrie and rule what other occasyon,  
 Resteth, that shold not augment our fame alwayse  
 Expressly to shew it straight make inuasion.
- Reason.* None that we know, but one thinge we desyre,  
 Trustinge in God that our reasonable petiscyon,  
 Which of your honor we craue with hartes intyre,  
 Shalbe fulfilled hearing therof desyniscyon.
- Gautier.* Say what you please we doo you scely licence,  
 I can not graunt before I heare your sentence.
- Fidence.* Long time haue we your seruants hard, y comons mutrig voice  
 Long time haue we coceald the cause, why they can not reioice  
 Long time haue we in secret close, gush forth our bitter teares  
 Long haue we spent in dolful plaints, these fragrant fertill yeares  
 The cause vnknown to you we Judge, of this our mestful chear  
 Which to redyesse prepare w speed, to heare thy listning eare.
- Politicke* For twentie pounde here is some byople toward,  
*Per.* Now Politicke perswasion shew forth thy skyl,  
 I will make him obstinate stoberne and stowarde,  
 If that I may atchiue my purpose and will.
- Gautier.* Why friends what thing should moue you thus, in secret to  
 Why shold you kepe from me y thing, y doth augmet your paine,  
 Of nature am I such a one, that rigors force doo ble,  
 To giue regarde to your complaints, did I as yet refuse,  
 Then why from me shold ye thus hide, the thing that causeth greef  
 Speake on faint not, ostend your woe, doubt not to finde releef.
- Politicke* Honistlie spoken I sweare by Saint tan,  
*Per.* My master you see is a francke harted Gentillman.

120

130

139

(complaine

# The Plaie of Patient Grissell.

- Reasone* We can not cease but iustlie yeld, to thee condingly praise,  
Which gratfully reaunderst vs, the Lord prolonge thie daies, 150  
And graunt thee doble *Nesfors* yeares, tranquillite and peace,  
That thou maist rule and lastly raigne, with honours iust increase.
- Politicke* This is a goodly kind of salutation, & a wonderfull kind of regratu  
*Per.* I am plaine Dunitable I may say to you, (lacyon  
I am as homlie as the good wife that for loue kist her Cow.
- Sobrietie* This is the meane why we remaine, in pensue pained plight,  
This is the cause that anguise doth, our tollace banishe quit,  
That you in single state abyde, and marriage do refraine  
Wold god you wold inioue that yoke, the swaged were our paine  
The shoud our mestfull hartes that long, haue subiect bine to woe  
Cast of the clogge of heauines, and dyppe teares forgoe, 161  
Then hold our tristfull mindes exile, their dolfull deadly care,  
And loy, in frig those grisly gulphes, which doth our footsteps chare
- Politicke* Bones is all this intretaunce for wiuinge,  
*Per.* Some men are married, and would be onweddid againe,  
And some men neuer fall to thiuinge,  
Before they be spoused, this is euident and plaine,  
But who so euer intendeth of that misterie to be tastar.  
Findeth oft times the graie mare better maister.
- Gautier* My frendes full frendly I replie, with protestacyon due, 170  
That single life preferred is, in sacred scripture true,  
But happie are the married sort, which liue in perfit loue,  
Twice happier are the single ones, S. Paull doth plainly proue,  
For such as leade a virgins life, and unfull lust expell,  
In heauen aboue the ethall skies, with Christ ther lord shal dwell.
- Fidence.* We graunt that scripture doth extoull, *veflais* lauozie flower  
And happie are the continent, which rest within hir bowter,  
But yet for you moze mete it were, conioyned for to be,  
That after you your lead of rule, might haue the dignite,  
For wher ther is no ishue left the wise man saiethe plaine, 180  
That euery man in Loydlie state, doth couit for to raigne.
- Politicke* Baw waw is no weddinge the prouerbe doth tell,  
*Per.* Marie quoth you? I hard many a one lape,  
That the first daie for weddinge all other doth excell,  
For after they haue had not one merie daie.

## The Plate of Patient Grissell.

Quod the good wif I wold be uncopled, & with sobbs the same wist  
 For I shal neuer haue helth in my hed, while he hath pith in his fist,  
 Sayth the good man, I haue such a shewe to my wyfe,  
 I speake vnsaynedlye, I were by Gods mother,  
 I am halfe werpe of this present life, 190

To be rid I would giue the Deuill one halfe to fetch the other:  
 I speake not generally, all ronne not this race,  
 But some are redie to catch their husbandes by the face.

*Reason* What soy shoulde such as subiectes be, to see this daye possesse,  
*Gautier.* Content your myndes if case I graunt, your state for to redresse:  
 He shall permit your worthie Lord, in choyce to vse his skill,  
 And eke permit as reason is, to marye whom I will.

*Sobrietie* Chuse wher you please, take whō ye list, we wil you not gainsay.

*Gautier.* Then will I soone elect my mate, and time shall haste the daye.

*Politicke* Doe nowe my Lorde wilbe married, we shall haue a feast, 200

But wher is his wife, can anie man tell,  
 He will haue such a one I iudge at the least,  
 Whose hewtifull countenaunce, shall Hellen excell,  
 A fayre gerle, tricke, and minikin trim:

A neat trull, which in yeres shall be like vnto him,  
 Powe God of his grace, in your choyce sende you good lucke,  
 And graunt that your loue maye laste for euer,

I beseech God send you with her, as manye hoynes as a Bucke,  
 That your tounge, hir nose, & my tayle: may be ioyned togither.

*Gautier.* What is that? 210

*Politicke* God graunt that in loue ye maye continewe togither.

*Gautier.* Well nowe let vs depart this place.

*Both.* Wee will wait vppon you by Gods grace.

*Exiunt.*

*Politicke* Pape I will followe after as fast as I can,  
 For if I be missing my Lorde lackes a man.

Heare enter Grissell, Syngyng.  
 and Spinning: wyth her Parents,  
 and Indigent Pouertie.

The Songe.

## The Songe of Patient Grissell.

**G**OD by his prouidence deuine,  
Hath formed mee of limie Claye, 220  
Then whye shoulde I in ought repine,  
Or seeke his will to disobaye:  
Be it far from me to do such ill,

As to contende against his will:  
Singe danderlie Distaffe, & danderlie  
Ye Virgins all come learne of mee.

Let Childzen to their parents giue,  
Obedience due, as they are taught,  
Then they on earth full long shall liue,  
& ioy y<sup>e</sup> place which Christ hath bought  
With his hert blood, & deadly wound, 231  
Wehear lasting ioyes shall aye abound,  
Singe danderlie Distaffe, & danderlie,  
Let childzen all come learne of mee.

Though Aetas on my parentes heare,  
By crooked shape haue showen his po  
Yet I am bound to dread & feare, (wer,  
Them tide and time & euerie hour:  
For God to me hath giuen such charge,  
As in his lawe is seene at large, 240  
Singe danderlie Distaffe, & danderlie,  
Each child with speed come learne of me.

Set

## The Sonnge of Patient Grissell.

Set Natures lawes befoze your eyes,  
which may your tender mindes cōstrain,  
All crooked language to dispise,  
And mend your misse, for feare of paine,  
The stoberne childe, the Lord doth threat  
In hell to chast, with tozments great,  
Danderlie Distaffe, and danderlie,  
Ye Virgins all come learne of me.

250

Conserue and keepe virginite,  
Your conscience do not pollute,  
But walke in true integrite,  
all sinfull lust do cleane confute,  
Fly such men as, wold you allure  
To spot with lust your liues so pure,  
Danderlie Distaffe, and danderlie,  
Ye Virgens all come learne of me.

Obaie such men as you do serue  
Use dilligence at all astatse,  
Then fame hir Troumpet will p̄serue  
To thunder forth to skies your p̄aise  
From filthie speach your tounge refraine,  
Let godlines in you remaine,  
Danderlie distaffe, and danderlie,  
Ye Virgens all come learne of me.

260

How

## The Plaie of Patient Grissell.

- Grissell.* How do you my Parentes? I praye you declare:  
*Mother.* Well good daughter God be prayled.  
*Ianikell* Trulpe I thanke God that merie ye are.  
*Indigent.* Oh how ioyfull would I bee, if God in my aige had rayled, 270  
 See such a chylde, to comfort my needfull indigence,  
 She neuer ceaseth toying, but laboꝛeth alwaye,  
 Shewyng to you the frutes of true obedience:  
 Of her birth good neighbours bee ioyfull ye maye,  
 For to your hoꝛie heades, thee is a perfit stape.  
*Grissell.* In youthfull dayes when sappie youth, his blossoms did displaye,  
 Whe euery lim, for wat of strength through green yeres had no stay  
 My Parentes here stil carefull were, their child with food to noꝛish,  
 As dutie was so Nature wrought, they did me euer cherishe,  
 From tender dayes to this estate, by payne they haue me brought,  
 And now that aige hath clogde them both, to comfort them I ought  
 But yet my paine vnable is, their paines to recompence: 282  
 Whole studies still imployed were, to saue from inconuenience,  
 Their only childe they fostred ought, with sustinaunce full due,  
 And should I now ingratfullpe, with hile disdayne pursue  
 So God for hid, that through myfalt, I should ther griefes increase  
 To laboꝛe still to comfort them, these hands shall neuer cease  
*Ianicle.* Ah my deare Child whose flourig youth, in vertue stil doth florish  
 Our hoꝛpe heades if thou wert not, for foode were like to perishe,  
 Our backes were lyke for want of cloth, extrein cold to abyde,  
 But thou for vs continually, by laboꝛe dost prouide, 291  
 Thy dilligence my neighbours all, can iustly foꝛthere poꝛt,  
 Thou art thy parents only stape, and stasse of their comfort.  
*Mater.* Grissell I pray the to my talke giue good head,  
 Thou seest thy father is lame and I very oulde,  
 Cease not as thou hast begonne to comfort his nead,  
 For the panges of death on me haue taken hould,  
 I fele me selfe verie sycke, increased is my paine,  
 Pought now but the ground can make me saine.  
*Grissell.* Good mother comfort your selfe be of good cheare, 300  
 You shall want nothinge your paines to alwaige,  
 Let not sickness caule you anie thinge to feare,  
 For that may be a meane to enlarge your domaige.  
*Mater.* Deare Childe of thy wonted care and dilligence,

## The Plaine of Patient Griffell.

Thy father and I haue perfit intelligence,  
 Whose aide se thou hould in worthy estimacyon,  
 Loue and obay him giue him, due veneration,  
 Then God will blesse the with his spirit and grace,  
 Pea on earth thou shalt longe conne thy race,  
 Be not hye mynded, let not Pride infect the,  
 Lest God in his wrath with his scourge correckt the,  
 Be no pickthanke, seke not the fruts of discensyon,  
 Be rather a peace maker to bannish contensyon,  
 Be sloe to speake let thy wordes be wittye,  
 For, for a Damzell to haue manie wordes it is vnfyttie,  
 Let loue and obedience in thy hart be fullye placed,  
 Let contimelyous disdain be vtterly defaced  
 Grudge not in ought againste thy fathers will,  
 But be alwaies readie his mynde to fulfill,  
 And shewe thy selfe of a godly behauior,  
 That of God and man thou maist merritt the fauor.

310

320

*Griffill.* Whether all that you haue saide shall obserued be.

*Ianickell.* Oh my deare wife how is it with the.

*Mater.* Euen as it pleaserh God good husband *Ianackell*,  
 But fleshe and blood is very fraile and bzittell,  
 For such was the cause wherfore mankynd was framed,  
 But hoap is my stafe which fleshly affectyon hath tamed,  
 Where with throughe Christ my only iustificacyon,  
 I strue ageinst sinne, death and, damnacyon,  
 And euen amidst the bitter pangs of death,  
 Whose gripes most sharpe seemd to close my bzeath,  
 I appele to Christ for mercy and grace,  
 Trustinge amonge his saintes in the heauens to haue place.

330

*Ianickell* Alas pooe man in created is thy paine,  
 Just cause hast thou to languish and complaine.

*In. pouert* Good neighbour I am hartely sorry for your sycknes,  
 But comfort your selfe brother *Ianickell* let goe your heauines.

*Griffill.* Come on deare mother stay on my shoulder let vs depart this  
 You shall want nothinge to comfort you with all. (place,

*Mother.* I know that thou wilt respectt my case,  
 How be it I am glad that death to me is befall,  
 For now shall I as a pylgrim from pilgrims trauell be free,

340

And

# The Plaie of Patient Grissell.

And throughe Chyfft inioye heauenly felycite.  
*Ianickle* Well beinge fully furnished with anguish and paine,  
 I will to my cottaige to comfort my wife this is plaine.  
*Indigent* And I will beare you companie with all festinalyon,  
 Doinge all I may to turne to ioye your lamentacyon. *Exiunt*  
*Politicke* I mary now all is as it shoulde bee, Gods ye God morowe gam,  
 I trow ye will saye that well nurtred I am.  
 But ponder is such tidinges as will make you glad, 350  
 The Marques for Marriage I trowe will conne mad,  
 For all his minde I tell you with out any lett,  
 To prayse his spoule I promise you is set,  
 We shall heare a none how he will lift hir vp to skies,  
 As thoughe there were none more wittie vertuous or wyle,  
 I can not blame him thoughe he comend his owne,  
 But to none of his court the gentilwoman is knowne,  
 And therfore to wonder there mindes I incence,  
 So that euery man longeth to bew the Ladies presence.  
*Gautier.* Oh to this hart doth longe, to spyed my Ladies fame, 360  
 And yet my tounge vnable is, to laude that wortheie dame,  
 For beautie I to Hellin maie, aptly the maid compare,  
 Such vertues in a yonglings brest, is syl dome seene or rare,  
 A Phillis for hir costant truth, a Thilbe for hir loue,  
 Hir arguments most pythie doe, hir vertues daylye proue.  
*Politicke* For beauty quoth you, is thee so ampyable to the eye,  
 Are hir vertues superabundant that they can not be toulde  
 I saye no more tractt of time the thinge shall trye.  
 I thinke such a wise would very well be soulede,  
 You maye coarce hir if it lyke you, and perhaps catch awoyse, 370  
 The pryde of some dames make the husband beare an empty purse  
 They must be trimmed after the trickest fassion,  
 Fyne watters must be bought for beawties preseruacyon,  
 There heare with abodkin muste be curld after the fynest guise,  
 Ther Peates touns with peakes must hange ouer ther eyes,  
 And to make them seeme proper headid, fyne caps they haue,  
 Such as will scantly couer the crowne, I thinke as God me saue,  
 But to make them syt cleane I swere by Saynt tan,  
 They cut of ther heare, as I am an honist man,  
 Some bodey can tell that I vse not to lie,

## The Plaie of Patient Grissell.

- And I warant you ye shall come of these trickes in her espye,  
*Fidence.* ¶ Truth such pride in the world is now resident,  
 As in no time the lyke hath bin seene with eie,  
*Reason* ¶ Many men and women I iudge are impudente,  
 For pride they imbrace with mindes full greedie.  
*Sobrietie* ¶ As God for pride did plaunge Sodome and Gomora in hys pye.  
 So will hee distroie the wicked with flaminge fyre.  
*Gautier.* ¶ I know that pryde imbralled is, and come ther state exsceed,  
 But my ellected mate God knowes, with vice will not proceed,  
 She will obserue a modest meane, hir vertues shall increase, 390  
 All hatfull hate in hyr shall end, she loueth perfyte peace,  
 She feareth God, she dreads his name, she leades a Godly life,  
 And dayly sekes for to subdue, contentyon and strife,  
 She will as dutie hyndes, hir spoused mate obaye,  
 From husbaudes heastes at no time she for any cause will straye.  
*Politicke* ¶ If thee bee so hollye a saynt as you make hyr,  
 Refuse hyr I beseeche you and I my selfe will take hyr,  
 Such a Marriage would I haue, if I should chuse,  
 Then should I be sure she would me not mysuse,  
 I might saie what I would, and do what I list, 400  
 Hee that hath such a wife of God he is blist,  
 But moast wyues are so knappish and cutted now,  
 That they will be knowen to beare rule I saie to you,  
 Rule quoth I, yea and moze then reason doth requyre,  
 Yea and espyally after that to masterchip they aspyre,  
 Then huse all a boyh there tounge must be tauntinge,  
 The flage in the topp mast, must needs be flauntinge,  
 And now and then I swere by all hallowes,  
 The noblis be so nice that they will eat no mallowes,  
 So cope are the minsinge mules, that drinke of bellonas well,  
 That oft times they conquer ther husbands in battell, 411  
 Yea and now and than I swere by this light,  
 Betwext them on her part is proclaimed open fight,  
 God send the graie mare good footinge and to amble apace,  
 For now & the her tecomayndemets are sene in the goodmans face  
*Reason* ¶ This talke from a mind malliscypous doth procede,  
 Therefore cease this haine clatter,  
*Politicke* ¶ I tell you plaine y some wiues recembre the cockatrice in dead.

# The Plaie of Patient Grissell.

I speake plainlye I can not flatter,  
 Thinke not that enuy doth giue me occasion,  
 No there natures be knownen to Pollyticke perswasion,  
 Trie them who will shall my wordes true synde,  
 Summe of them I tell you will be stoberne and unkynde,  
 Denye them of ther willes and then ye mar all,  
 Ye shall see what there after is like for to fall,  
 Ether haulting, saulynge, sknappinge, or snarringe,  
 Ther tounge shall not cease but alwaies be sarringe,  
 Or els they will counterfait a kind of hipocrisie,  
 And symper lyke a fymentie pot, the finger shalbe in there eye  
 Theyle saie, loue is forgotten though my loue be showane, 430  
 I see you loue another better then your owne,  
 Tush, tush, I know full well theire meaninge and intent  
 They be the craftiest cattell in Crissendome or kent.

*Fidence.* Well set all these wordes a parte deare frend,  
 Though some be froward all do not to frowardnes condissend,  
 For I of Mariage know the iust probacyon,  
 And dowties my wife leadeth an honist conuersacyon.

*Politicke* Hea but some times you giue hit, hyr owne will.

*Fidence.* Hea and reason.

*Politicke* Or els I warant you your ears with haultinges she wold fill,  
 If the good wife should not some times heare all the stroake, 441  
 Thoughe out the house she would raise such almoake,  
 That ether hytterly hit tounge should runne at large,  
 Or els should hir eyes fountaynes of teares discharge,  
 Tush whole bushels of teares fall from there eyes,  
 The serrop were notable to sauer wardon pyes,  
 But if selfe will were bydded, then men should lyue at rest,  
 With womanlie aclyons they should not be opprest.

*Gautier.* My subieckes now whole long desier, doth with my Mariage daie  
 Shall haue the thinge that they expectt, with out longer delaye,  
 Wherefore my knights your selues bedeck, in sumptuous araye,  
 To solemnise with out all let, this longe desyred daye, 452

*Sobrietie* My noble Lorde with willinge mind we graunt to do the same.

*Reason.* We will apparell our selues, y all the world shall speake of your

*Gautier.* To morowe next I will featch home my spouse, (same)

*Politicke* By my troth if it lyke your honoz she is a handsome blowse.

# The Plaie of Patient Grissell.

- Gyll Sparow that milkt good man peatches Cowes,  
*Gautier.* ¶ I said I would fetch home my Ladie with celeritie,  
*Sobrietie.* ¶ And ile waight on you this is the veritie,  
*Fidence.* ¶ I will goe with you as dutie doth me binde, 460  
*Politicke* ¶ And I of your companie will be glad,  
 And if I can euer an olde blankit fynd,  
 I hoap for my parte to be hanstomly clad,  
*Reason* ¶ What sayst thou.  
*Politick.* ¶ I saie after diner abanquit shalbe assynd,  
 Notable faire in your Hall shalbe had.  
*Gautier* ¶ Come on let vs depert with spedines.  
*Omnes.* ¶ To doe as you will vs we be in a redynes. *Exiunt.*  
*Politicke* ¶ Pay face ye well God be your speede,  
 I tell you I come after as fast as I can, 470  
 I am a goodlye fellow to help at aneed,  
 Pay by myne honoz I am a hanstome seruinge man,  
 Well I will goe poast to fetch home his wife,  
 Whole bertues as hee saith are wonderfull ryfe,  
 God dyld ge, God thanke ye, for my frendly companie,  
 I must needs be packinge I swere by Saynt Antonye,  
 Fare ye well, God be with you, gentill frendes adue,  
 I am the properest fellow that euer man knew. *Exiunt.* 478
- Grissell.* ¶ Ah Grissell now maist thou complayne, infortune thine (alasse)  
 Thie tender dayes in deadly dole, thou now must learne to passe,  
 For, thou haste lost a Jewell great, whose lyke is rare to finde,  
 Whose want to waile, vnto thine eyes, a flood of teares is kinde:  
 Thou now art motherlesse become, the graue hir lodge doth rest,  
 Whose deth to mourne w sobbing thrieks, & sighs, y now art prest  
 Was neuer child had greater losse, noz cause of carking care,  
 Helpe me to weepe all such (ah las) that carefull Children are:  
 For I alacke do misse my ioye, and best instructris found,  
 I rest aliue? but thee by death, lieth closed fast in ground.  
 Wherfore ye Muses nine: that on *Pernasso* rest, 489  
*Caleiope, Thersicora, and Clio,* do your best: (with mee:  
 Strayne forth your noates of wailfull woes, weepe you & mourne  
 That Gods and men, my inward grief, apparant now may see.

# The Plaie of Patient Grissell.

¶ Here Grissell Singith a songe,  
to the tune of Damon & Pithias.

**C**an my pooze harte be still,  
can I possesse sweete peace:  
When Ioue hath giuen *Parchas* the chardge,  
my blissfull loyes to cease:  
Iudge you my cause, you tender youtnes  
that gaynd your mothers loue,  
And you shall finde to mourne and weepe  
Dame Nature doth mee moue:

500

¶ My moother was my blisse,  
her sight did bannishe care:  
But now to weepe and mourne alacke,  
her absence I prepare:  
I misse her counsels sweete to mee,  
thyce blissed happie Dame:  
Who traynd mee vp in Vertues scoole,  
that I maye purchase Fame.

510

¶ And when that *Atropos*  
came stealyng on a pace,  
To see howe shee in tender armes  
her Grissell did imbrace:  
My teares like Fountaines rushed out,  
to shewe my grief and payne:  
Whose want to wayle in woofull wise  
Nature doth mee constrayne.

¶ But shee the heauens hath wone,  
and with the Saynctes doth raigne,  
In endless blisse wher Chyft our Lambe,  
doth hit reuyue againe,  
And I am left behynd to lyue,  
with my swete father deare,  
To whom whilst lyfe shall raigne in mee,  
obaysaunce I will beare.

520

¶ Finis.

*Exiunt.*

¶ A

# The Plaie of Patient Grissell.

¶ Enter two Lackyes.

- i. ¶ A syra my master is gone to my Lorde Marquis place,  
And I by his side haue poasted a pace, 530
- ii. ¶ And so haue I by mine, I sweare by Gods mother,  
I warant the I sweate so that euery drope ouer taketh other,
- i. ¶ Gogs woundes let me se, sure herle a mad smell,  
All the place sauozeth of thy knaues grease I see well,
- ii. ¶ Gogs blood knaue, art thou knauinge by kynde,  
A greasier knaue then thy selfe, a man can not fynde
- i. ¶ Crie you mercy gentillman, can ye hyde no bozde  
Ile clap ye about the costerd with the hiltres of my sword,  
Art thuo knauinge of me, hence dissardly foole, 539
- ii. ¶ Guts I haue sene as wyse a man as you, wear a hood and a coloe,
- i. ¶ Am I a foole, goges harte Iacke sauce I make you by the eares,  
Go prate with thyne equals you horsen folish boye,
- ii. ¶ Gogs flesh, heares more a do w Iacke Napes, the twety Beares,  
Alas goodman man you neede not be so coye,
- i. ¶ Blood shal I be flouted of a bagage boye, I ryd the hould thy prate  
But for wearig my masters patapls I wold beat the about thy pat
- ii. ¶ About my pate not a rush for the I do not care,  
Spare not me mast man but do what you dare,
- i. ¶ Then I will boh you you patch, for your mockes, 549
- ii. ¶ Be well assured thou shalt beare me some knockes. *Exiunt.*
- Grissill.* ¶ Now that my spinninge ended is, and house full cleanly made,  
To boyde the gulphes of Idlenes, and vble some honist trade  
To well spring wher þ christall streames, of watters still in crease  
With prone and readie willinge minde, to go I may not cease,  
For I will fetch from thence w speed, some dulsome water sweete  
And depntie brothe for parent make, as fitlye is and meete,  
It is the dutie of a childe, hir fathers aidge to loue,  
To nourishe him as he dyd me, it doth mee now behoue,  
In armes full oft he lulled me, and foode me often gaue,  
Then why should I in any iot, of dutie him depaue, 560  
For God full straighelie hath giuen charge, to honoz him a right,  
Which precept I will aye obserue, to vtmoast of my might,  
And hastelie from Well retourne, to comfort him with foode,  
Warne meates are meet for aged folke, to nourish vp ther blood.

¶ Enter Marquis, with hys Lozdes.

Come

# The Plate of Patient Grissell.

Come on with me ye worthie wights, which aye deserue renome,  
 Ye Nobels all which aye restyd, with in *Salutias* towne,  
 Most gratefull ye I yeld you thanks, for this your taken paine,  
 If God permit to lengthe my life, I will requit againe,  
 Your frendly hartes with frendlynnes, syth frendships fruts ye shoue  
 The fulnes of the same in time, on you I will bestowe. 571

*Reason.* As dutie byndes so loue constraines, vs on you to attend,  
 Your honours gentill nature doth, such loue to vs extend,  
 That loue inflames our gentill hartes, to honoꝛ you aright,  
 And to aduaunce thy hie estate, to vtmoast of our might.

*Sobrietie* Condinglie we to the M Lord, our offred seruise giue,  
 Beseechinge Youe that sitt a boue, the heauens, you longe may liue  
 In prosperous state to comfort ours, then shall our ioye in crease,  
 And eke *Salutias* loue shall reap, througħ you the fruts of peace.

*Gautier.* I giue you thanks assuredlye, from depth of secret hart. 580  
 Turne to the Ladies.

We matrones all ye Ladies faire, lyke thanks I do impart,  
 To you whose pregaunt myndes, such clemencie bestowe,  
 As doth belong to gentle hartes, lyke frendlines to shoue:  
 Wherfore Nature doth bge me til, to shew your worthie praise,  
 Showne largelie to me youthfull wight, in these my tender dayes.  
 Which thus much haue respected mee, to decke with rich renoune  
 Your gouernour and onlie Lord, which rules *Salutias* towne,  
 I meane in that ye readie are, attendaunce due to giue,  
 And to featche home my mate elect, with whom in loue I liue.

Let ther be .ii. or .iii. Ladies. 591

*Ladies* Remove but dutie we do shewe, wherfore your mynd content,  
 To honoꝛ you with reuerence due, we Ladies all be bent.

*Grissell.* Nowe that my Pot to hynkes I haue filled,  
 I will haste mee home with all conuenient speede:  
 God graunt I may do as my mother mee willed,  
 Then God will prosper mee in tyme of neede,  
 Let all Childzen bee mindefull of obedience in deede:  
 Flye selfwill, which doth stoubernes ingender,  
 To honoꝛ your Parents do dayly remember: 600

Be they neuer so pooze or indigent,  
 If God haue blessed thee with store and increase,  
 Remember the paps of thy mother gaue thee nourishment,

# The Plaie of Patient Grissell.

To feede and cloth thee, their care did neuer cease,  
 Relieue and comfort theim, to end thy dayes in peace,  
 If not looke for Gods scourge and curstled maledictyon:  
 Which shall fall hyppon thee, for thy stubberne infection,  
 Well I will home with my water Pot without delaye,  
 I would be loath to offende my father with longe tariaunce,  
 For such as prouoke their frendes to yre day by daye,  
 Can not escape Gods terrible vengeaunce.

610

*Gautier.* God speede Damzell, loft whether awaye,

*Grissill.* Trulpe my Lorde homward, as fast as I maye.

*Gautier.* What is your father, expresse to mee with speed.

*Grissill.* In his poore Cottage hee resteth in deed.

*Gautier.* Hast and tell him with all festinacion,  
 That with him his Lorde will haue communication.

*Grissill.* Your commaundement with speede perfoymed shall bee,  
 I will retourne quicklie, your honor shall see,  
 Good father be not offended with mee I you desire,  
 Because so longe from you I haue bin absent.

620

*Ianickel.* Ah daughter Grissell, why shouldest thou such athing require,  
 Thou art returned verie soone in my iudgement.

*Grissell.* Not so good father, for comming by the waye,  
 I had an occasion and was forced to stape:  
 My Lord Gauter our gubernor excelent,  
 Whom courteously I saluted, with wordes reuerent:  
 Willed mee to haste home to my habytacion,  
 Who stayeth hereby, with you to haue communication:  
 Wherefore good father without lenger delaye,  
 Let vs repaire to his presence as fast as wee maye.

630

*Ianickel.* O deare Childe I will haste to him with dilligence.

*Grissill.* God graunt hee maye relieue our indigence.

*Ianickle.* Oh honorable lorde, God sende thee felicitie,  
 Thy hoare headdid subiect, thy person doth reuerence:  
 Right worthy Lordes God blesse you with prosperitie,  
 And theeld you faire Ladies from all inconuenience.

*Gauter.* Oh Ianicle wee thee regreet, againe in friendly wise,  
 That God protect both thee and thine, that sits in ethall skyes:  
 Incline thy aiged eares to mee, my loquie well perpend,  
 Harke, marke and giue regard, to that I shall ostend:

640

Requite

# The Plaie of Patient Grissell.

Requite my frendlye hart, and gratefie againe,  
 Thy Lord which for thy Daughter here doth suffer extreme paine  
 Who knoweth the panges of loue, or feeles hyr passyons dyre,  
 What liuinge wight more then my selfe, abydeyth Cupids ire,  
 Such is the force of ardent fire, that boyles in secret brest  
 So seuer is the darterd wound, with which I am oprest,  
 That my pooze bleding hart doth faint, and comfort none can find,  
 Except that you doe graunt a salve, to ease my dolefull mind.

*Ianickell* ¶ God who would haue thought, that such anoble hart, 650  
 Would haue byn set on flaminge fyre, by blinded Cupids dart,  
 Alwaige your fylthie lust, flye Venus wanton wayes,  
 O mortosse your appetite, doe nought regard hir plaies,  
 Abhoze hir carles court, hir muster Bookes elchue,  
 So shall you quench that flaming fyre, which giues you cause to rue  
 So shall you staunch the wound, wheare with your hart is paind,  
 So shall no sparke of grefe be left, but parfyt health be gaind.

*Gautier.* ¶ Know that I minde not to polute, the chaste virginite,  
 But rather seeke the losse of lyfe, to keepe integrite, 660  
 I am not Venus darlinge I, hir court I doe not vse,  
 To be inrouled in hir Bookes, my lences all refuse,  
 Hir bestiall playes I hate, hir pleasures fylthie are,  
 Disloyall lust can not attempt, to trap me in his snare,  
 But from profounded hart, doth persit loue proceed,  
 Now condiscend to saue or spill, graunt mercie to my meed.

*Ianickell* ¶ If case your loue be faithfull pure, your loue deserueth praise.  
*Grissell* ¶ Right suffraigne Lord, respecte your yonge and tender dayes,  
 Your Noble state your dignitie, your honoz and your name,  
 Your worthe birth your parents race, atchiuinge troump of fame  
 And eke lyst by thine eyes, my pooze degree behould, 670  
 My pooze estate my misery, the tyme doth forth vnfold,  
 What better profe can be here of, then these our ragges so toye,  
 These painte and shoe our penurie, which wee to hide were bozne,  
 These thinges full duely waide, in ballaunce equall right,  
 Hape alter and infringe thy minde, and purposed delight,  
 For they maie blemish quit, thy stocke and worthe race,  
 Thy honoz and thy ancetours, attonce they doe deface,  
 Therfore goe chuse abetter choice, elleckt ameer mate,  
 Which may increase and ample make, thy worthe languine state.

## The Plaie of Patient Grissell.

- Gautier.* **W**hy Grissill thee I loue, now length of short my lyfe,  
 Let pittie now apere to be, with in thy brest full rife,  
 It shall no whit abase my state, nor minishe my renowne,  
 But cause thy fame thoundyed forth, through out our royall towne  
 What shall each wight report of the, if rigoz thou now ble,  
 If my vntymly death thou haste, canst thou thy selfe excuse?  
 A murdres thou shalt termed be, all men shall the disdaine,  
 Which cruelly with out deserte, thy only Lord hast slaine,  
 An Iphis I whose kindly hart, doth begge and craue thy grace,  
 If thou Anaxaretis be, and turne from me thy face,  
 Poore Teucers sonne is then for loyne, the Troyan is vndone,  
 If Iphis I doe play my part, contempt thou canst not shonne,  
 Thy pouertie can nought preuaile, thy rigoz to obscure,  
 But rather cause and sty each wight, disdaine to put in bre  
 Thy ragged clothes the argue not, in poore estate to lyue,  
 Thy vertues noble doe the make, such Fate doth Fortune giue,  
 That thou aboue all birgins art, by troump of Fame extould,  
 Giue rightfull Dome to Pyramus, lyke Thisbe loue vnscould.
- Ianickel.* **M**y Daughter is a Virgin puer, and wanteth terren store,  
*Gautier.* **F**or that respekt doth faithfull loue, in me increase the more.  
*Grissill.* **M**uch musinge in my minde, in this sort I repleye,  
 Why should you seme me wretched wight, to loue thus faithfullye  
 I nether haue faire Helins shape, nor comly shininge hew,  
 Be yet no kinde of earthy quoine, ne substaunce this is true,  
 And as for costlie ornements, and sumptuous araye,  
 I want, the best euen now on me behould you maye,  
 Ther restes within this noble Towne, fulmanie a worthy dame,  
 Which both for store & feature sayre, deserues the voice of Fame:  
 They may you hie renowne augment, and eleuate to skies,  
 Take one of them, my lowe estate and Parents stocke dispise:  
 Let Grissell with her father liue, bestowe on them your loue,  
 This answere take? w equall state learne now your sute to proue:  
 Bee Iphis true to such a one, as plentie hath and store,  
 Chuse like to like leaue of for shame, expresse thy sute no more.
- Gautier.* **O**h carelesse youth y nought regardst, my plaints & dolfull teares  
 Oh dyzfull dape, oh haples hap, oh shortner of my yeares:  
 Oh praye appoynted for my death, which lightly doste regard  
 The life of him, which thou with loue shouldst gratfully reward:

680

689

700

710

In

## The Plaie of Patient Grissell.

In sunder breake thou hart, which thus with greet art tost,  
 Held by thy breath from Prison free, thy poore tormented ghost:  
 Whiche shouldst thou lenger liue, to couch on heapes thy payne:  
 I loath my life, sith my good will doth reape my selfe disdain, 721  
 If euer ruth did rest, within your rusull hartes, (smartes:  
 Streame forth your plaintes ye Muses al, with teares bewaile my  
 Take Wellspringes to your eyes, let dolefull tunes abound,  
 Oh pearce and fill the hawtie cloudes, with your lamenting sound:  
 Shewe forth my faithfull hart, be records of my loue,  
 These plaintes throwne forth, my constancy apparantly do proue,  
 Oh Ianicke whose aige, ought honored to bee,  
 If case that Nature in the rest, I praye thee pittie mee. 729

*Ianickle* If that these teares streamed forth, from depth of hart proceed,  
 And I shall graunt to giue thee grace, to recompence thy meed:  
 Plight faith and troth to mee: thou wilt not her deflower,  
 He spoyle her Garden fragrant, of Mivins fruitfull flower.

*Gautier.* To record Heauen I call, and God that liues therein:  
 Plighting my faith in open please, to shunne such filthy Anne,  
 I mynd not as a Harlot I, with her to lead my life,  
 But by the force of wedlocks knot, to take her as my wife.

*Ianickell* Then to your honor I, my daughter deare do giue:  
 Beseeching God that in his feare, together you may liue.

*Gautier* Oh happie bee thy aiged life, and fortunate I praye, 740  
 Which hast preserved thy louing Lord, from daunger and decaye:  
 Welcome to mee my mate elect, my ioye and harts delight,  
 The perfect length of vitall life, which greet extirpest quite.

*Griffill.* Sith it hath pleased you louinge Lord, to fix your loue on mee,  
 Faith, Loue, and obedience due, I yelde here vnto thee.

*Gauter.* These giftes more precious are then Goulde,  
 And farre excell all terren treasure:  
 Oh it delighteth mee much thee to behould,  
 In thy presence consisteth my solace and pleasure.

Tourne to Ianicle.

750

*Grissell* Ahlas) poore allie girle increased is thy smart,  
 From father nowe in aiged dayes, perforce thou must departe,  
 Who now in time of neede, shall thy estate releue?  
 To leaue thee destitute of helpe, thy daughter ioye doth greue,  
 Who now shall roule thy backe, and daylie giue thee food:

D.iii.

I knowe

## The Plate of Patient Grissell.

I knowe not one that readilie, will do my father good,  
 If that thou pine, I pine like case, I dye if ought thou want,  
 To wend from thee thus todainlye, my dolloys are not scant,  
 Who now shal kembe thy hoary beard, who now shal wash thy hed  
 Who nowe to eate thy aiged bones, shall beat and make thy Bed.

*Ianickell* ¶ Comfort thy selfe my childe, for mee God will prouide, 761  
 Hee is my Rocke, my stafe, my stay, my trust and perfect guid,  
 And sith that hee by prouidence, respected hath thy state,  
 And to the top of Fortunes wheele, in mercie eleuate,  
 Lament no moze, distill no teares, though thou departe mee froe,  
 For God that rules both heauen and earth, hath wiled it shold be so:  
 Swell not in Pride still gentel bee, and lead a lowlye mind,  
 To all estates full curtious bee, as Nature hath allind.

*Grissell* ¶ I will obserue your heastes, to vtmoaste of my might.

*Ianickell* ¶ Then God will blesse thee with his grace and spyte. 770

*Gautier.* ¶ My Ladies all I you requir, my comly spoule araye,  
 That we maye haste to solemnise, our happie wedding daye,  
 These ornamentes receiue, to decke her copes with all.

*Ladies* ¶ Right worthye Lorde in euery poynt, fulfill your mynd we shall:  
 Come Ladie mine to fathers house lead vs the readie waye.

*Grissell* ¶ I yeald ye matrons to your heast, come on with mee I praye.

*Exiunt.*

*Ianickell* ¶ Right honorable Lorde gyue thy seruaunt licence,  
 To shewe my mynde at large vnto thee.

*Gautier.* ¶ Good father shewe forth the fulnes of thy sentence, 780  
 Without lenger let I hartely pray thee.

*Ianickell* ¶ If God pourforth on you the Dyle of his Anction,  
 And with fertillitie thy Vineyard increase,  
 I meane if hee ad his spirituall benediction,  
 And giue you children byinge them bp in his peace,  
 Instruct them to feare God, and their Parents to obaye:  
 Then God will prelerue them from ruinous decaye,  
 Keepe them alwayes vnder lawfull correction:  
 Restraine in them, swearing, and all vngodlynnes,  
 Chastice and ponish them, lest sinfull infection, 790  
 Alure them to all mischife and wickednes,  
 So shall God prosper you wyth his spirit and grace,  
 And they as he hath promised, shall on earth long conne their race:

Loue

# The Plaie of Patient Grissell.

Loue one another, the seedes of Enmitie elchewe,  
 For whear as faithfull Loue is remanent,  
 Theare Hatred is subdued, this is moast trewe:  
 And Gods feare is euermore with such couples resident,  
 But whear as is the contrarie, I meane strife and Variance:  
 Theare the Deuil is head, and hath the hole gouernaunce.

*Gautier* If father thinke not that obliuion shalbe frequentid, 800

Godwilling all that you haue sayd shalbe attemptid:  
 For wheare Childzen are not ponished for their sinne,  
 Theare mischife to springe doth fully beginne:  
 Theare Vathes abound, theare Lies moast odious,  
 Begin to take roote, as hurtfull and pernicious:  
 If Nature be corrupted with poplond infection,  
 Then resteth there Gods curse and heauie malediction,  
 Therfore in tender yeares, while youth is greene and fresh,  
 All lewd inozmities a Rod maye redyesse:  
 Lest further inconuenience, in aige happen to growe, 810  
 As is seene of such as wyckednes do followe.

*Reason* In deede a man maye howe a Twigge which way he liste,  
 So in Infancie a Childe with good manners furnished,  
 In aige in Vertue will willingly perstist,  
 And such a one of God is surelye blissed.

*Sobrietie.* Childzen chasticed in Infancie, in aige sie sinne,  
 But if Parents cloake their godlesse conuersacion,  
 In the end to contemne their superiours they beginne,  
 Therfore correction byingeth them to good education.

*Ladies.* How noble Loyde haue wee long bin absent. 820

*Gauter* No trulye and therfore I am the better content.

*Grissell* O noble Lord, these costlye Robes, vnstly seeme to bee:  
 My ragged weed much more then this, doubtles contented mee.

*Gauter* These garmentes now to thine estate belong, my Lady deare,  
 Disdaine them not, but for my sake refuse them not to weare.

*Ianickll* Set Gods feare before thyne eyes good Grissell.

*Grissell* Your heast shalbe obserued good father Ianickel,  
 But my harte is much pained to depart thee froe.

*Ianickell* Receiue for needly from mee thou must goe.

*Grissell* Receiue this frendly kille, so nowe God bee thy ayd. 830

*Ianickell* Faynt not for on him all my care is laide.

# The Plate of Patient Grissell.

*Gauter.* Come let vs depart with all celeritie,  
Sound vp your Instrumentes, be ioyfull Nobillitie?  
And in token of Victorie, some Song I will singe,  
Which to performe Ladie, I must haue your helpinge.

*Grissell* Begin when you please my Lord, for with a willing mind,  
To helpe you all I maye, redie ye shall me finde.

Singe and then go out.

To the tune of malkin.

*Marques*

**S**ith Fate and Fortune thus agree,  
My onlie ioye and Ladie deare:  
A *Romeo* I will rest to thee,  
In whome the fruites of Faith appeare:  
Heigh hoaw, my true loue,  
I ioye in thee my Turtell Doue.

840

*Grissell*

Sith heauenly Gods that rule aboue,  
Haue lotted mee to be your wife:  
A *Thisbe* iust thy spowse will proue,  
Whilst Ioue giue chardge to end my life:  
Heigh hoaw, my sweete hart,  
I honor thee, while death vs part.

850

*Marques*

Lowe, heare thy Lord doth thee imbrace,  
Whose sight farre dearer seemes then life:  
Within my best thou gainest place,  
Welcome to mee moste louing wife:  
Heigh hoaw, my true loue,  
I phancie thee, my Turtell Doue.

*Grissell*

Ho *Tarquins* knight, ne *Appian* now,  
Shall cause mee thinke from duetie due,  
*Penelope*, Ile stande to you,  
As Lady iust and faithfull true:  
Heigh hoawe, my sweete hart,  
I am thine owne, while death do part.

860

*Marques*

Thy Vertues seeme no lesse to bee,  
With *Alcest* saye compare you maye:

Thy

# The Plaine of Patient Grisell.

Thy modest life inflamed mee,  
To ioyne and knít this knot to daye,  
Heigh hoaw my true loue,  
I am thyne owne my Turtell Doue.

¶ *Not Cresus* Gould nor *Midas* mucke,  
My phancye fyrst may seeme to chaunge,  
*Diana* doth me still in strucke,  
To *Venus* knightes aye to be strainge,  
Heigh hoaw my sweet hart,  
I honoz the while death vs parte.

Finis.

370

*Gautier.* ¶ Fare well to thee good father *Ianickle*.

*Ianickell* ¶ God giue your honoz ioy, of my daughter *Grisell*,  
The Lorde bee with you, and both your loues increase,  
And graunt you to end your dayes in his peace:  
I can not but wonder to see the inflammation,  
Of Loue, which here fully hath showane her operacion:  
Prouokinge this *Marques* nourished in prosperitie,  
To loue pooze *Grisell* tassing so much pouertie,  
But it is thy prouidence my God, that this to passe hath brought,  
By thy deuine wisdom this action was wrought.  
God bee their defence and keepe them from domaige:  
Well I will leaue musinge and go to my cottaige.

380

*Exit.*

*Politicke* ¶ Nowe Politicke Perswasion, nowe or els neuer,  
Phie, for chaffing I can skant keepe my teeth to gether,  
I tell you I haue found out such an inuencion,  
As among the common sort, shall kinde discencion:  
A *Marquis* married to a beggerlye Grisell,  
Her father an olde foole, and an impotent crible,  
His store and substance in value not worth twentie pence,  
This geare cannot chuse but breed inconuenience,  
I will not cease priuely her confusion to worke,  
For vnder Honnie the prouerbe saith popson maye lurke:  
So though I simulate externally Loue to pretend,  
My loue shall turne to mischise, I warrant you in the end:  
The pretie foole is puffed vpp, her belly is bigge,  
I coniecture the trull will bringe forth some proper Bigge:

390

900

E. i.

¶ Enter

# The Plaie of Patient Grissell.

¶ Enter Reason and Sobrietie.

- Reason* ¶ In publicke toyle in countries straunge, full often I haue been,  
 Wher Hartrones chaste & Ladies faire, these earthy eyes haue seen:  
 But nowe for wisdoms obsequies, to Grissell I compare,  
 To saye the truth hir modest life, and vertues are mosse rare.
- Sobrietie* ¶ You saye the truth for onely thee, all men confesse the same,  
 For curtuous facts and loquie milde, deserues a worthe name.
- Politicke* ¶ Oh so these gentlemen praise and list her to the skyes, 910  
 I could finde in my hart to plucke out the beggers hys eyes:  
 Whie ont, it greeueth mee to the verie hart,  
 A Ladie honorable, naye a Whippe and a Cart:  
 Bones heres stuf if the worlde were quicke,  
 These ponkers with auengeaunce, are come in the nicke,  
 I will to them I, to put my practise in bre,  
 My countenaunce shalbe graue, sad and demure.  
 God speed gentlemen ye are welcome hether,  
 We thought of Grissell I harde you common together:  
 Praiseynge her for Vertues, such as bee seene but rare, 920  
 To commend her so highly very much to blame ye are:  
 I knewe her offspringe I, from the beginning,  
 Is shee anie more then a Beggers hys, brought vp in spinning,  
 Her father is indigent, needie, and lame,  
 An old doatinge foole, that Janicke hath to name:  
 In her ther is no jot of noble languinnite,  
 Therefore bruttly that her seed should rule or haue dignitie.
- Reason.* ¶ Content thy mynd thy talke is vaine, thou seekest to heap vp strife,  
 I can not chuse but needs commend, hir good and honest lyfe,  
 Aboue all spoused Dames, which hyde within this towne, 930  
 She best deserues the price of prayse, and Helme of rich renowne.
- Sobrietie.* ¶ The Scorpion forth will stinge, his poyson to anoye,  
 And passingers that passe him bye, with Vennome to distroye,  
 So thou whose mallice doth abound, thy stinge doste now prepare,  
 To vex and harme those wightes, whose liues most vertuous are.
- Politick.* ¶ Not I for twentie pound, will hurt hir by the Rood:  
 That which I haue spoken is sure the veritie,  
 If I could hurt hye yet would I do her good,  
 Because ye extoll her for perfect integritie,  
 But I had rather shee wer hanged by saint Antonie:

# The Plaie of Patient Grissell.

*Politicke* I would she were slaine or banished the countrie,  
*Reason* What sayst thou.  
*Diligenc* It is good to vse such honest companie.  
 God saue you my Lordes, whose honors be excellent,  
 My Lorde Gautier for you both hath sent,  
 And desireth you to haste to him with out delaye,  
 For my Ladie his wife is deliuered this daye,  
 Of abewtifull Childe ampyable to behould. 948

*Sobriete* Oh happie day, oh tidinges sweete, our ioyes can scarce be tould.  
*Reason* Incontinent wee readye are, with thee from hence to wende.  
*Diligenc* Lead you the waye right worthye Lords, on you I will attende.  
*Politicke* Fare ye well gentle gentill men, God be your speede,  
 Brought a Bed all readie, they haue plyed the box in deed,  
 I dare saye it is some pretie mophedid twigge,  
 Its meruell shee brought not a litter, for hir bellie was bigge:  
 Well let this passe, nowe this gere to cotten doth begin,  
 Let them lasse in the end that the victorie doth winne:  
 Sith my former deuice, is thrust to exemption,  
 And that I cannot pueayle with cancor and contencion:  
 I will frequent through pollicie, another meane, 960  
 Wherwith I will molest and distrope her cleane,  
 I will trye her pacience, another kynde of waye:  
 Let mee see euen so, it shall be I sweere by this daye,  
 Peace conceale thy purpose as yet Politicke perswacion:  
 Till such time as thou see farther occasion,  
 Not a word moze my Lorde Marques entreteth the place,  
 Nowe maist thou contriue thy drift within thort space.

*Marques* Enter Marques Singing to the tune of the latter Almain.  
 I Liue in ioyfull iollytie,  
 With my true loue and Ladye deare: 970  
 To mee shee gyueth loyaltie,  
 For Vertuous acts shee hath no peare:  
 So true, so iust, in worde and deed,  
 I maye her trust, in time of need:  
 Hir gentill harte through Wildomes arte,  
 So curtuously doth playe her parte:  
 That needs I must expresse hir prayse,  
 Till direfull death cut thort my dayes.

## The Plate of Patient Grissell.

We Heauens and powers deuine, which did predestinate, 980  
To mee your creature framd of slime, such hap and luckie Fate:

As tenderh still to berge mee forth, your praise to eleuate,  
Moste happie bee the time that I elected such a mate:

Whose louing hart excelleth farre, *Salutias* Noble Dames,  
Hir Godly hart is cleane bereft of baine and wanton games:

A *Dido* for her Chastitie, *Penelope* for truth,

A *Thisbe* for her ardent loue, and *Pyramus* insueth:

*Cassandra* thee for pacyence, full aptly maye be namde,  
Amonge the rout of chasted Dames, my Matrone may bee samde:

Whose vertues farre abound, and sandie thozes excell, (bell.

From Courtlie Dames for counsell graue, my Spouse doth beare þ

*Politicke* ¶ God ge goddeauen my Lorde wyth all my hart, 992

If your wyse be so vertuous as nowe ye import,

Surelie, surely thee is worthy commendacion,

Shée may be made a saynte for her good conuertacion:

But harken my Lorde nay nowe harken in your eare,

Try hit that waye and by myne honestie I sweare,

Thou shalt see hir decline from Vertues so rise,

And alter topsie turuie hir saintish lyfe:

Hir pacyence quicklye shall chaunged bee,

I warrant your honoz will say it is not thee. 1000

*Gauter* ¶ As sure as God doth lyue, and sitt in heauen aboue,

So sure will I in euery poynt, this thy deuice approue:

Therfore call in with speede, my seruauit Dilligence,

That of this act, wee maye giue him intelligence.

*Politick.* ¶ Your will shalbe perfozmed without delaye,

Hoaw Messenger, this place appropriat.

*Dilligenc* ¶ Who calleth for mee, I am here by this daye,

What is thy will? thy pleasure intimate.

*Politicke* ¶ Haste thee incontinent to my Lordes presence,

*Dilligenc* ¶ That to do I am in a readines. 1010

*Politicke* ¶ See that his person thou honour and reuerence,

Dispatch hoxson Dreame, go forward with speedines.

*Dilligenc* ¶ Soft eye the common Prouerbe saith, sweete Walt doth make.

*Politicke* ¶ The matter requirerh haste, hence thy passaige take.

*Dilligenc* ¶ God saue your honoz and graunt you his grace.

*Gautier.* ¶ Messynger thou art hartely welcome to this place,

# The Plaie of Patient Grissell.

I haue secret thinges to thee to inculcate,  
 Giue dilligent eare, marke what I ostentate:  
 Thor knowest Grissill, my Ladie and wife,  
 1020 With whom in Loue and Feare I haue lead my life:  
 Farther thou knowest my Daughter, which shee doth nourish,  
 And with the Mylke of her brestes foster and cherishe,  
 I will that thou make semblant, at my commaundiment,  
 With thy swerde in sonder, to deuide that Innocent,  
 Yet shalt thou not hurte it, but to *Bullin Lagras* it conuaye,  
 To the Countesse of *Pango* my sister, without let or staye,  
 Who will nourish it and giue it sustentacion:  
 And hyng hir vp in Godlye and honest conuersacion.

*Politicke* ¶ To this messaige you must take good regarde,  
 1030 Be well assured, thou shalt not lose thy rewarde.

*Dilligenc* ¶ All that to mee in charge, you now committed haue,  
 Shalbe performed in all the haste, els God my soule ne saue.

*Gautier* ¶ If thou to anie wight that lyues, these Nouels howone disclose.

*Pollitcke* ¶ Gesserpe Grimston at midnight,  
 Shall plucke thy bowells throughe thy Nose.

*Gautier.* ¶ My fauourable loue thy selfe for aye, shalt surely lose.

*Pollitcke* ¶ For thy behauor horsen else, thine eares shalt surely lose.

*Dilligenc* ¶ God let mee neuer liue on earth, his vengeance heape my woe,  
 If I to any lyuing wight this secret charge do shoue:  
 1040

And as for this committed act, with all conuenient speede,  
 These handes shall straight prepare, to execute the deede:  
 With violence the babe to pull from armes my hart is prest,  
 Thus then the mothers harte with care & grief shall be distress,  
 For I will sayne that blooddie sworde, shall sonder and deuide,  
 And scotch the Infants tender corpes, with wounds both large & wide.

*Politicke* ¶ Peace not a worde but gossip for twentie pound,  
 Your Spouse with her Purse and Childe, Enter into place,  
 You must counterfaite that Doller may amply abound:  
 Let tricklinge teares be nowe dystyld apace.

*Gauter.* ¶ Your counsell graue to imitate, moste willingly I will,  
 I am decreed in euery poynte, your heast for to fulfill:  
 To teares my ioyes I nowe deuert, my lookes shall meastfull bee,  
 No kynde of solace nowe shall seeme, to bide or rest in mee:  
 My bigur and my feature faire, fault teares with spouts shal staine

## The Plaie of Patient Grissell.

And wofull playnts shall forth ostende, my plight & pensyue payne.

*Grissell* ¶ Come on my *Nours* how doth our Child, I praythe forth expresse.

*Nurs* ¶ The Child no dout hit perfit helth, hath such is Gods goodnes.

*Grissell* ¶ God blesse the lyttill one, and sheld the with his grace,  
 Ceke graunt thee helth and long to conne, on earth thy vitall race,  
 My Lorde and spouted mate, recydeh here in place, 1061  
 Him to salute as dutie byndes, I will proceed a pace.

*Nurs* ¶ And I will to his presence goe, perhapes to get some gaine,  
 For sylly *Nurses* with ponge Babes, do watch and take much paine,  
 Thy smilynge lookes will gratulate, and heape thy fatheres ioye,  
 God graunt the grace & the preserue, from Culphes of grefes anoy.

*Grissell* ¶ God spead my Lord moast honorabile,  
 Why are you pensyue what greefe doth you betide,  
 Be of good cheare thoe your selfe comfotable,  
 Set sorowe and sadnes my Lord cleane aside. 1070

*Politicke* ¶ Bones howe now how standeth the case,  
 In faith Dame thy sorowes do hast them a pace. (simple)

*Nurs* ¶ Oh my Lord behould your Daughter deare, how pretly thee doth  
 Hit pretie lookes your tristfullnes, with ease maye cleane exile.

*Gautier.* ¶ A way *Nours* these wordes are all to gether baine,  
 They minishe not but moze and moze augment my paine,  
 The cause of doler is so great that grefe doth still a bounde,  
 No kynde of ioye to ease my woe, can none for me be found,  
 The heauiest hap that euer chaunste, is now to me be fall,  
 Was neuer Lord so tost with paine, nor pinched to the gall, 1080  
 Oh cruell wightes, that cause my care, oh stonie harts of flint,  
 Can neuer teares nor dolfull paints, cause rigor for to stynt,  
 But that ye will proceed to worke your cursed will,  
 Aboue all grefes this grefe surmounts, an Infants bloode to spyll.

*Grissell* ¶ Thoe to me thy mated wife, the thinge that causeth care,  
 And I to swage thy pensyue mind will remedie prepare.

*Gauter* ¶ Thou canst not ad relese my deare, if I the thinge repeate  
 It rather will torment thy minde with painfull passions great  
 The cause is this: my nobles my weeded state disdaine,  
 And ether will that I pooze wretch, an exill shall remaine, 1090  
 And lose my cullinge state, my treasure and my store,  
 Which luckles hap in gushing kind, with teares mine eyes deploze,  
 Or els that our sweete childe, which from these loynes shude,  
 with

# The Plaie of Patient Grissell.

with dirful sword, shold murthred be, which this my hart hath rued  
 Now to auoid ther wraathfull yre, and fauor wyne againe,  
*Grissell.* I graunt and yeld that this our Child w sword shall straight be slain  
 Oh Lord my God what words are these they fill my hart w woe,  
 Ah silly wretch, must thou thy Childe thus rusully for goe,  
 Would God in pooze estate pooze *Grissell* had remaind, 1099  
 Then boid of cause thy tender hart, with woe had not bin paind,  
 Ye matrous milde deploze my case, take fountaines to your eyes  
 Oh let your clamors penitrat, the hawtie clotoded skyes,  
 My Child alas in Childehode now, subiected to the sword,  
 O ruthles hartes which hir to kill doe cruellie accorde,  
 What hart would condiscend, to reauue the of thy lyfe,  
 Who would consent to scortche thy fleshe, with cruell cut of knife,  
 This chaunce with patience, I will sustaine and beare,  
 God will reuenge this bloody factt, in end I nothinge feare  
 My Lord the Daughter is your owne, with hir attompt your will,  
 If it seme pleasant to thy hart, thy pleasure now fulfill, 1110  
*Gautier* Then take with speed thy glittering sword, proceed & play thy part  
 End thou hir race fulfil ther minds, straight goyghir through y hart.  
*Diligence* Alouffe thou Dame giue me the Childe, a waie and get the hence.  
*Nurs* Alas my Lorde be mercifull, commit not such offence,  
 Consider how that God, whych rules the hawtie skyes,  
 Each lirill thought for to be houlde, hath opened wyde his eyes,  
 And how then can so great a facte, from him concealed be,  
 Which doth the thoughts of euery wight, discerne and plainly see,  
 Can murder then from him be close, no no my Lord not loe  
 Ther is a God which to reuenge, this act will not be loe, 1120  
 Perpend attend and giue regard, to that which he hath sayde,  
 Thou shalt not kyll, let this procept of the be rightlpe waid,  
 Now if thou condecend thy flesh with death for to torment,  
 Thou canst not scape Gods wraathfull yre, and greuous ponishment.  
*Gauter.* O Nours leaue of such talke, in vaine thou spendst thy bzeath,  
 It is not I that yeld my Child to stroacke of grisly death,  
 But spitfully my conimons now, are inly pult with hate,  
 And goe about to short my life, such is my haples state,  
 For ether I from dignitie, shal straight exempted be,  
 And abieckt like bee throwne from rule such hap is chauncst to me  
 That in exile as bannished I euer shall remaine. 1131

## The Plaie of Patient Grissell.

O els in hast deliuer them this younglinge to be slaine,  
And rather then from natīue towne, I Gautier will goe,  
Pot my sweet babe but onlpe I, will life and byeth for goe,  
Therfore leaue of thy teares, thy plaints can fynd no grace.

*Politicke* ¶ Tush folish woman this is a heauie case,  
Better were it for him to haue the Childe slaine,  
Then his owne person should suffer such paine.

*Nurs* ¶ Yet Noble Loyde if nature seme in the to haue aplace  
Preserue thy Childe from death, end not hir vitall race, 1140  
The Tyger that in Wildernes, doth feed and ay remain,  
Will to the vtmoast of hir might, hir ponge ones sheeld from paine  
The rauenous rampyng Lion will, hir whelps from dainger saue  
The sauaidge Beare with shape defournd will close in secret caue,  
And often licke and cherish them, accordinge to hir kinde,  
Till clad with heare, and vglye shape, the lyke hir self them finde,  
Then sith that beastes which reason want, ther proper ones defend  
Much more should mā, which wisdom hath for his own flesh cōtend.

*Dilligenc* ¶ Cease for I will share with sword, the Infants corpes by force,  
Be on thy plaints nor on his teares I mind to take remorse. 1150

*Politicke* ¶ Bodie a God this a Dicke for the nonce by the roode,  
Hele doote hee, and hee save the worde,  
I warant you full soone the ponglings hart bloode,  
Hele searche and pearce with his glittringe sword,  
Cut I promise you this pouncar is one of them that God had whor,  
For with him though I layt, thers but aword and a blowe.

*Gautier.* ¶ I graunt y beastes preserue by toile, ther ponglings from all woe  
But if I should attempt the same, I should my life forgoe,  
What hores it one though rule he beare, to take a sword in hand, 1160  
Athousand armed fightinge men, to banquishe or with stande,  
I then my life should lose, each wight my bloode would spill, (will  
Yet my death could not quēch ther thirst, but they wold haue there  
And then should Childe and Father both, be slaine on bloody sword,  
Yet first that he be slaine, my fences all accorde.

*Maid,* ¶ Alas my Ladie and Mistres must haue a heuy hart,  
To see hir Child subieckt to such painfull smart.

*Nurs* ¶ Oh do not so but condiscend, and graunt my pooze request,  
And suffer not with violence, thy babe to be distresse,  
Giue me the Childe I praye, and saue hir from thes sone,

# The Plaine of Patient Grissell.

For I will feed and nourish hir, and take hir as mine owne 1170  
 These breasts shall bringe hir vp these handes shall fynd hir food,  
 I will not cease but carefull be to send hyr guiltles bloode,  
 Thus doing thou shalt stop the mouthes, y<sup>e</sup> would the babe deuoure  
 Thus doinge she shalbe preferred, hir foes shall haue no powre,  
 To hasten this vntimlie death, and dirfull heauie fate,  
 And they against that mightfull Ioue, no crime shall perpetrate,  
 For I from hence will take my flight and hence be cleane exilde,  
 This will I do oh worthy Lord, for safeguarde of thy Childe,

*Gauter.* Let be these wordes they more in crease my paine.

*Politicke* I Pay nay with out all doubt the Chylde shalbe slayne, 1180  
 Dispatch hyr speedely cease all thys pratinge.

*Dilligenc* To sunder hir bodie I straight will take paine,  
 The safeguarde of hir life hath cauld this longe tatlinge.

Make as you would kill it.

*Gautier.* I Pay stay thy hand good frend, conuaye hir out of place,  
 For nature will not let me see, hir slaine before my face,  
 But I shall yeld vp hery, and vitall lyfe soone end,  
 Therfore from out our syghtes I praye, the hastely doe wend.

*Dilligenc* All shall be done right sufferain Lord, as now you haue me willed  
 I will not cease till rigorously, hir bloode with sword be spilled.

*Nurs* I Pay I will follow perhapes my moynfull petiscyon, 1191  
 May cause him to leaue his sinfull intentyon. *Exiunt.*

*Politicke* Bones how lyke you this gere, the Nurs is gone after,  
 I can not blame you if ye moyne for your Daughter.

*Grissill* Oh God my God what rigor now, haue subiects gaynst vs bled  
 Alas my woe increaseth much, how is my Lord abused,  
 Pay rather how doth Nature berge, me meastfully to waile,  
 To see how cruell destinie, against me doth preuaile,  
 My Daughter rest from tender Paps, alas my wofull paine, 1199  
 And causleslie by Tyrants fearce, with bloodie sword thus slaine,  
 Fare well sweet Childe thy Mother now, shall se thy face no more,  
 Helpe spoused Dames help Grissill now, hir fate w<sup>th</sup> teares to plore  
 Gathe forth your Bynie streames let tricklinge teares abound  
 The earth and firmament aboue, tyll with your moynfull sownd  
 My Child alas in swadlinge clouts, bereft and slaine with sword.  
 Lord help, Lord ayd, my wofull plight on me take some remord,  
 Albeit such dirfull hap haue chaunced, graunt pacience to my paine

ff i. That

## The plaie of Patient Grissell.

That I maye seme this crosse of thine, with ioye for to sustaine,  
How now my louing Lord reuiue your heauie minde,  
Come goe with me to solace you, some ioye shalbe assinde. 1210

*Gautier.* Beloued mate, whose wislie troth the sandie Seas excell,  
I graunte to excecute such things as you shall forth refell.

*Pollick* Bodie a God what woman here cold take the matter so pacient  
But rather pourforth teares hir dolet to complaine,  
Yet she semeth with this fact to be well content,  
Thoughe that hir Childe be murthered and slaine.

*Grissill* Come on my mate let vs from hence to pastimes sport now wēd,

*Gautier.* To go with you assuredlye, my loue I do in tend. *Exiunt*

*Politicke* Ah sya are you all goue.

*Is Politicke Perswacion* left here alone,

1220

Well then wher art thou hoysone awake or a slepe,  
I thinke thy wittes be gone gollings to kepe,  
Whop quoth I to my sheep, and had neuer a one,  
Bodie and heres an emptie head, for all the wit is gone,  
Let me see, euen so now lo, I haue that I sought,  
How lyke you my pollicies how wylie haue I wrought,  
Nay rather how like you hir constancie and patience,  
Truly that is wounderfull stronge in this inconuenience,  
But as I haue begon so will I afflict hir still,

I am kyn to a woman in all poynts ile haue my will,

1230

Fare ye well no remedie I must depart,

Fare well God be with you my Piggess nie with all my hart,

If you had *Grissills* pacpence and condiscyons excelent,  
You and I would make a match to marye incontinent. *Exit*

*Countes,* Of *Pango* I the *Countis* am, my praise dorth splendish bright,

Be loued I am for iustice cause, of euery faithfull wight,  
But one thinge, heapes on heapes, our grefe and dolefull paine  
And giues vs cause in gushing kinde, with teares to waile & plaine  
How spitfully hath death delt now, with me moast wofull wretch,  
What ment you destenies so dire, your hands thus forth to stretch  
And merciles to giue such doome, as works a Ladies wor, 1241

Forlynge me my faithfull mate, so soone for to for goe,

Why rather rest ye not, my file by force in twaine,

Your hatfull yre with rigor mixt, to mozne dorth me constrain

*Maid,* Comfort your selfe my Ladie deare, let sorowes now decreace

# The Plaie of Patient Grissell.

It is longe time since that he died therfore your teares do cease  
 Can teares giue life, or him restore to former life againe,  
 No, why then do you most meastfully for him your mate complain  
 I iudge that God displeased be, with thys your heauy mone, 1249  
 His race was ronне leaue of your plaits for God wil haue his own  
 My heauie minde you comfort much, but nature shoes hir kynd,  
 For thee hath wellsprings to mine eyes, to moerne his death assynd,  
 His loue his faith so fully showane, to me his spoused mate,  
 Doth giue me cause to poure out plaints, to shoe my haples fate,  
 But who is that that now to vs hasteth thus a pace.

Countis  
 Pango

Maid  
 Dilligenc

A messinger my Ladie faire, this is the certaine case.  
 God saue and preserue you my Ladie amiable,  
 And lengthen your lyfe with prosperous increase,  
 Your brother Gautier my Lord most honorable,  
 Doth wishe your helth with quiet rest and peace, 1260  
 Whose loue to the world shall neuer cease,  
 He hath sent you here his Daughter young to cherishe,  
 Which he with Dilligence, doth trust you will nourishe,  
 And to trye the patience of hys Ladie and wise,  
 This actyon doubtles was attempted,  
 For thee thinketh that the sword hath rest the babe of life,  
 Now therfore sit my Lord this triall hath frequented,  
 He despyeth your honoz, as loue trixt you hath euer bin offendid  
 To conceale and kepe seccrit this his intent,  
 And let it not be knowne but that it hath felt deathes dent. 1270

Countis

Greet wel my Lord and brother dear, I wil persourme his mind  
 To vtmoast of my might this shall, be done he hath assynd,  
 Welcome to me thou pretie one, thine aunte doth thee embrace,  
 My hart reuyues and skipes for ioye, to see thy pretye face,  
 Greet thou in my behalfe my brothers noble wife,  
 Whose vertues blowne a broad by fame, apere in hyr most ryfe.

Mefinger

All shalbe done as you doe will, the Lord do you defend,  
 For to Salucia now I purpose straight to wende.

Countis

Fare well thou messynger, God in thy trauell sheld thee. 1279

Dilligenc

And to his safeguard noble Dame, thy seruāt aye doth yeld the. Exit

Countis

Oh lylly Babe whose feature saye surmountes the ruddie rose  
 In shapinge euery lim of thee Nature did forthe desclose,  
 Hir cunnynge skyll for euery wight that hath thy vigoz seene,

## The Plaie of Patient Grissell.

May saye and sweare a fairer peece hath neuer framed ben,  
Come now receiue this Child behould hir seemly face,  
Hir smillinge cheare doth comfort me, God pour on hir his grace.

*Maid,* Oh God thou God of mightful powre, thou rocke on whō is staid,  
My confidence and all my trust, my buckler and my ayd,  
What liuinge wight hath seene, a fairer female Childe,  
Hir liuely lookes and shape so cleare, hath doler cleane exild. 1290

*Countes,* Come on to giue it foode let vs departe this place.

*Maid* I will attend on your honor by Gods grace. *Exiunt.*

*Politicke* Ah sira yonder is passinge to euery place,  
Some conne one waie and some conne another,  
And I am sent also this is a plaine case,  
But by my hallidome I wot not whether,  
Euen so now lo stodie and call to mynde,  
And see if the occasyon thou canst fynde,  
So loe now I haue it I sweare by Saint Richard,  
The *Marquis* is in trauell God be hir speed,  
And I am sent for mother Apleyarde, 1300  
Who is a *Mydwife*, a *Midwife* in deade,  
Such matters you know should not be slackt,  
Perchaunce if I tarry my flesh may be hackt.  
Whowp who the *Deiull* dwells here can any man tell,  
Art thou a *Mayd* or a widdow that tendeth this house,  
I thinke thou be sister to the viccar of Hell,  
By mie worship if I enter thou shalt heare me alose.

*Midwife* What pratest thou thou folishe knaue canst thou tell.

*Politick.* Bones I promis you I haue got a liuery coate,  
Thers neuer a yard butts worth a flat groate,  
Come on syra weele parte stakes and that by and by,  
For I knaue can thou knaue hastily espie. 1310

*Midwife* What lacke you syra tell me with speede.

*Politicke* I am sent for you *Mistress* *Midwife* in dead,  
My *Ladie Marques* despyeth you to come to hir presence,  
For of your aid she standeth in great need.

*Midwife* I will goe with you with all diligence,  
For that *Ladies* vertues do fare exceed.

*Politicke* Come on I besech you for we will goe to gether,  
The clouds be cleare God send vs saye wether. 1320

God

# The Plaie of Patient Grissell.

- Midwife* ¶ God in this enterprise be our stafe and staye,  
And send vs in our busynes a moast happie daye, *Exiunt*
- Gauter* ¶ Oh Lord so my hart with penfuenes is afflictid,  
To see how my Ladyes, sorowes increale,  
All solace and ioye from hir is relected,  
Of Child birth hir pangs as yet do not cease  
So that to see hir tolled in such stormie woe,  
My hart is perplexed all ioye I forgoe,  
Well as one pensyue, deuoid of consolacyon, 1330  
I will rest me here some tidings to heare,  
I discry one of my seruants which with festination.  
Unto my presence doth appocho and draw neare,  
Wellcome my friend what newes hast thou broght.
- Dilligenc* ¶ Such honorabell Lord as to ioye may eleuat your thought,  
My Ladie of a beautifull man Chylde is delyuered.
- Gautier.* ¶ These tydings be ioyefull and sorowes haue bereued,  
Take this reward thy paine to recompence,  
To visyt my spouse I will doe my dilligence,  
Which thus longe hath suffred sorowfull smart,  
But the littyll Babe will much reuiue hir hart. 1340
- Dilligenc* ¶ My Lord hath giuen me aliberall reward,  
His honor is now a verye ioyfull man,  
To vs his seruants he giueth such regard,  
That we be bent to please him as we can,  
The hole houthould are very ioyefull now,  
Because our Lady mistris is deliuerd of a man Childe,  
And so is the hole cuntrie I may say to you  
All tristfull sorow from them is exild. *Exiunt.*
- Politicke* ¶ Hear quoth you? mary hear in blacke Bowles,  
Quaffing, and carouling, for all chysten soules, *Exit*  
A Chystining quoth you marye ther was anotable feast,  
Fyue and forty hogheads of wine spent at the least, 1350  
Fyfty dosen Capons, and thye tymes as many Swans,  
Lafe, ther was ould sport to see the Skuls like the Pangs,  
But a murin ont it was my chaunce the feast to leese,  
But I cramd my belly full of Cake breadyd and Cheese,  
Stuft like a Poddinge bagge full vp to the throat,  
See how last the Buttons flie out of my Coate,

# The Plaie of Patient Grissell.

Feed yea faith I spard not, no I lustely fead 1360  
 Eate my meat I can thanke God, with him that Beares a head,  
 And as for carouling I thinke I did my parte,  
 Seuenteen gawns for my share, five portels and a quarte,  
 Thus iudge my friendes whether I haue fead well or no,  
 I eat and dinke merely wher euer I do goe,  
 But I must hence for the *Marquis* for mee doth looke,  
 Nay tis as I tell you, by the crosse of this booke:  
 Fare ye well and adewe I must hence a space,  
 But after a while you shall see this gentilmans face. Go out.

Enter the Nurse, bearing the childe in hir Armes.

*Nurs* A ioye to see howe pretellie, this Infant young can smile: 1371  
 The syght of this the parents care and woe,  
 From hidden brest doth certainlye exile,  
 This to be certain trew the Gods do knowe,  
 And I poore *Nurs*, am not a littell glade,  
 To dandle this sweet soule my hart is faine,  
 I wishe for it of Gods longe life maie be had,  
 That in *Salucia* ioyfull ioye maie remaine,  
 To singe and to daunce it, I minde to take paine,  
 I carfull and dilligent for it will a hide, 1380  
 To rise early and slep late I will not disdaine,  
 To cherish and loue it, it doth me betide.

The Nurse singeth.

Lulla by baby, lullay by babye.

Thy Nurse will tend thee, as dulle as may be.

**B**E still my sweet sweeting, no lenger do crye,

Singe lulla by baby, lulla by baby:

Let dollors bee fletting I fancie thee I,

To rocke and to lull thee, I will not delay mee.

Lulla by baby .&c.

What creature nowe liuing, would hasten thy woe,

Singe lulla by, lulla by, lulla by baby:

See for thy reliupng, the tyme I bestowe,

To daunce, and to prauce thee, as pretly as may bee.

Lulla by baby .&c.

The

# The Plaie of Patient Grissell.

The Gods bee thy shield, and comfort in need,  
Sing lulla by, lulla by, lullaby baby:  
They giue thee good Fortune, and well for to speed,  
And this to desier, I will not delaye mee.

*Finis.* Enter Dilligence his sword drawn.

*Dilligenc* ¶ Gogs hart and his heele, wher is the byat,  
Dispatch it quickly, nay I am flat:  
I must and I will, dispatch it by S. Tan,  
And whie not, who should let mee, no man:  
Good fortune, the Purle and the byat I espie,  
With out peraduenture, Ile make as the chyld should dye.

1401

*Nurs* ¶ Sweete habe be still, and take thy quiet rest,  
Thy Purle still to lull thee, doth giue hir consent:  
To rocke thee a sleepe, I mynde to do my best,  
Hushe littell habie, no lenger do lament.

1410

*Dilligenc* ¶ Hushe I will hushe it, of this be thou holde,  
Thou shalt of thy charge be nowe set free:  
And thinke not but truth to thee I haue tolde,  
The blood of the Infant, effused shall bee,  
My Lorde hath giuen such commaundement to mee:  
And therfore, see thou render it mee with out delaye.

*Nurs* ¶ To shield the pooer Infant, I will do what I maye,  
Although the one be slaine, yet this shall not die.

*Dilligenc* ¶ From thee force perforce, I will haue it I,  
To weake thou art found, with mee for to strue.

1420

*Nurs* ¶ Yet will I assaye, the victorpe to atchiue,  
Though inferpoz I seeme to thee, in fortitude and strength,  
Yet by wordes and playnts, I may preuaile at length:  
And therfore with out delayeng attend vnto mee,  
Giue heede to my teares, let my wordes pondyed bee:  
To slaye this young Infant is contrary to reason,  
Thy raige and furpe bouch thou, with pittie to reason:  
Who would commit murther, or slaye an Innocent  
At anie mans chardge, and transgresse Gods commaundement,  
Though sauour of my Lord thou fortune to fynde,  
Yet the righteous Judge aboue, hath thee vengeaunce aslinde:  
I wishe thee therfore dilligentlpe my wordes to skan,  
And knowe it is better to please God, then anie moytall man.

1430

# The Plate of Patient Grissell.

*Diligenc* What telst thou me that, I knowe it well ye nough I,  
But if I kill it not I my selfe shall dye,  
Therfore better to slaye, then with the sworde to be slaine:  
Giue mee the hat therfore, thy plaintes are spent in Vaine.

*Nurs* Alas yet heare mee, one worde let mee speake,  
Seeme not to kill it, neither so thy furie weake,  
That therbie you purchase then death and damnation,  
But harke I will worke I, for the childes preservation:  
I will nourish it I and bring it bp as mine owne,  
And that it liueth to my Lorde neede not be knowne:  
Thus shalt thou please God, and the *Marques* I saye,  
Weild to my desire I do thee hartelye praye:

1440

*Diligenc* No? all this is vaine, thy wordes are but wast,  
I will take the childe and murder it in haste. Go out.

*Nurs* O cruell father, O most intollosable case,  
In the best of this *Marquis* Nature hath no place,  
Neyther canst thou before God, thy selfe excuse  
That seemest such tirannie to thy flesh to vse,  
To murder thy children, inlargeth my care:  
To perseuer in sinne thy selfe thou doste prepare,  
But wo to thee woe, whom the beastes do excell,  
That in the desertes continuallye do dwell:  
The Lionis her whelpes, doth earnestly tender,  
The Bear to her young ons in loue is not slender,  
But thou to thy owne flesh art father unkynde,  
To crye out against thee, pooze Purcell I do mynde.  
The benemous Serpent the Crocodill most dire,  
To bring bp her young hath carefull desire:  
The mercilesse Tiger deuoid of all sauoz,  
To nourish her younglinges doth earnestly labor,  
But thou (alas) disdaynest thy flesh for to feed,  
Thou rather delightest to make their hartes bleede.  
Two Children to death, thou nowe haste condemned:  
But knowe that the Lord, thou hast greatlye offended,  
I mourne thee pooze Grissill, thy hap I lament,  
But thou in this case art merueilous patient:  
To court I will haste mee, to comfort thee all that maye bee,  
But to crye out on the *Marquis* I will not delaye mee.

1450

1460

1469

*Exit.*

*Ab*

# The Plaie of Patient Grissell.

- Politicke* ¶ Ah sirra I haue toucht hir I trowe,  
 Politicke Perswacion hath giuen Grissell abloze,  
 Abloze quoth you? such a one as sorow myght in crease,  
 But by his Bones hir mourninge doth cease,  
 Yet she thinketh hir lytill sonne is slaine,  
 But my pollices disceaue hir this is plaine,  
 For it is sent to Bullin Lagras the truth is so,  
 To the *Marquis* utter, the *Countis* of *Pangoe*,  
 Who will nourish it, as it is well knowne, 1480  
 As she doth his Daughter, which is kept as his owne,  
 But sith that nether of these attempts hir patience can moue,  
 I am minded ageinst hir a new assault to proue,  
 Which shall exempt hir from the top of fortunat prosperitie,  
 And plounge hir deepe in the floods of aduersytie,  
 Behould yonder they enter both to gether,  
 Suerly I minde to giue hir, hir welcome hether,  
 God saue your honoys may I be bould with you my Lord to haue a  
 Truly for your profit I wold speake w you faine. (word or twain
- Marques* ¶ Say what you please I am readie the to heare. 1490
- Perswa* ¶ Then I beseeche you come apart for it is secret geare.
- Marques* ¶ With all my hart heare the I will.
- Politicke* ¶ And in faith I will seeke to pleasure you still,  
 Harke it is euen so, you shall well espye,  
 Harke againe, this is the mean hir pacpence to trie.
- Marquis* ¶ Lord this deuice I will straight put in bre,
- Politick.* ¶ I warant you hir domaige it shall procure,  
 Now shall ye see my purpose sadge,  
 I trowe we shall haue some pastime anone mother madge. 1499
- Marques* ¶ Hadam my deare and spouled mate, attend and giue good heade,  
 To such words as from me thy Lord, at this time shall prosteade,  
 Thou seest our painfull plight, our grese full well is showane,  
 Our childyens losse to ech of vs, apparantly is knowne:  
 Yet can not death of Infantes deare, appeale the blooddle mynde,  
 Of nobles al, nor staunch the raige of commons moast unkind,  
 But now ther raige reuerted is, to quite me with disdaine,  
 They seeke God knowes to banish me, from Impery and Raine,  
 And thou art roote of all my grese, my anguith and my care.
- Grissell* ¶ Am I the spryng that bereth thee, my louinge Lord declare.

# The Plaie of Patient Grissell.

*Grissill* Hath wispe troth aye sayled thee, hath dutie bin neglect, 1510  
Doth anie wight that liueth nowe, of these thynges mee suspect,  
But if I be the cause, that reaues thee of thy ioye:

If I bee thee oh noble Lord, that worketh thyne annoye,  
As my sweete Babes at Tyrants healt, haue died on blooddy knife,  
To swaige their raige, & win thee grace: spare not thy faithful wife  
Let thousand gashes scortch this flesh, let them their raige displaye,  
Let thousand woundes by stroake of kniues, take *Grissills* life away

*Politicke* Bodie of mee see her gentill disposed mynde,  
Howe manie such wiues maye a man fynde:  
Whiche sleepng their husbands oppressed with woe, 1520  
Would willingly offer their liues to forgoe,  
To mittigate the husbands paine, or ease his greef:  
Not one I coniecture I am so harde of beleeif.

*Marquis* My louing mate, thy life vntoucht, in sauegarde shall remayne,  
Thy blood shall not effuzed bee, but needs I must be playne,  
And eke expresse the hole effecte, why they frequent this spite  
Ther muttring boyce conceailed longe, is showne in open light,  
They enuy my estate, so fell doth Fortune frowne,  
Thou only art the blemmisher, of honoz and renowne,  
Thy pooze degree, impouerisheth, my worthines and fame,  
Thy pouertie eclipseth much, my dignitie and name, 1531  
Therefore as pooze thou wert, so pooze thou shalt abyde,  
And to thy neadie father wend, these Robes set clean asyde,  
For I will wed another wife, which shall mine name aduaunce,  
To top of Fortuns hautie whele my fame thee shall in haunce  
Hir noble stocke and yeares shall equall be to myne,  
She shall prolead and I shue from some princely famous lyne,  
But as thou didst in naked plight from thy pooze parent wend,  
So barlie nacket to him againe I purpose thee to send,  
Thus shall my nobles ioye, their hate, full soone shall cease,  
And I their Lord successiuelly, shall spend my dayes in peace.

*Politicke* Bones quod ioyner who made God all mightie, 1542  
These netwes will ber and greue hir spitfullye,  
To be banished so suddainly from hir husbands side,  
And he to marrye another, clockinge Mistris Bide  
Would moue the pacience of a good manye wpues,  
I dare saie they had rather be ryd of their lynes.

# The Plaie of Patient Grissell.

*Grissell* Most humble here my sufferaigne Lord, thy listnig eares prepare  
 Attentiuelie giue good regard, to that I shall declare,  
 When I in pooze estate did liue, ther with I was content, 1550  
 I praisd my God, and bare the crosse, that he to me had sent  
 Lyke case when that to this estate, your mate ye did elect  
 My loe degree this choise of thine, vnstittiedid suspeckt,  
 I thought that twixt my vacantplight, and neadfull indigence,  
 Thy ryche estate, and Lordly rule, deseruinge reuerence,  
 Might no comparisson be made, and therfore as vnmeete,  
 I dempt my selfe within thy roofe to place or let my feete,  
 Yet dyd thine honoy noble Lord, elekt me for thy mate,  
 The gretter ruth the moze my paine, and most unhappie fate  
 Fyyst both my babes dysmembred are, the sworde their flesh hath  
 Pert causlesly to cruciat me, new troubles they adorne, (toyne  
 Which patientlie I wofull wise, of women all forloyne, 1562  
 Will hyde and beare lassinge my looe, fond Fortune all to skoyne,  
 But if this bannishment, and ablsence of thy wise,  
 And twixt the Lordly sort and thee, end this conceaued stryfe,  
 I graunt with willinge minde, from hence to take my passadge,  
 And rest me as I did tofore, with in my fathers cottadg.

*Marques* Oh hart now teauē and rend, nowe bzeake thou cleane in sonder  
 The heauens aboue & lumiuing stars, at this attēpt may wonder  
 All liuinge wights that heare thys fact will me reward with shame  
 No condinge praise, but ill repoyt, shall thunder forth my fame,  
 Shall I forgoe my wedded wise, whole wispe troth is such, 1572  
 That aye to do hir husband good, hir life thinketh not much,  
 What though from simple stocke, hir nature be deryude,  
 Hir vertues yeld such equall dome, that honours she atchiude,  
 And shall I then reieckt, as abieckt from my syght,  
 My Ladye deare, whole vertues all, my senses much delight,  
 No no not so, plucke backe thy feete, such acts exile thy thought,  
 Let no such sinne against thy loue in any wyse be wrought.

*Politick.* What bodie a me, my Lord plucke bp your hart, 1580  
 Be scrollicke and ioyfull let sorowes aparte,  
 Are you not ashamed to blubber and wepe,  
 It is time now to playe the man, and not a symple sheepe,  
 Procead forwarde faint not, your purpose prosequete,  
 Be not reputed acoward, the factt excequite,

# The Plaie of Patient Grissell.

Let your countenaunce be sterne, like agentillman looke byg,  
Els for this dyt ile not giue a fyg.

*Marquis* ¶ Followinge the mosyons of Politicke Perswasion,  
Against hir stowtly I will make inuasion.

*Politicke* ¶ Then do you well I sweare by Saint tan, 1590  
I sweare by mine honoꝝ ye shalbe deempt a man.

*Marques* ¶ Atwight not me with fortune Dame, cease soone I do the pray,  
I must and will defend my selfe lest haply I decaye,  
Come of dispoyle thy selfe, cast of thy rich araye,  
From princelye state, to fathers house, all naked take thy waie.

*Grissill* ¶ Thy will forth with shall straight be done, obedynt I will be,  
To doe the thyngs my worthy Lord that you commaunded me.

*Politicke* ¶ Whope hoyda now Saint, Gillian blesse ye,  
In faith pretie sweetinge these tidinges dealeas ye.

*Maid* ¶ Alas Madame it greueth me this daie to see. 1600

*Grissill* ¶ Be not sorowfull at all, for this much pleaseth me,  
For by my deperture my Lord shall lye in rest,  
His afflicted hart with carfull thoughts opprest,  
Shall fynde a salve of sauegard, to cuere his paine,  
Which doubtles shall make poore Grissill faine,  
Therefore deare Damsell thy lamentacion cease,  
Sith that my absence shall loyes innumerable increase,  
The commons raige to mildnes shalbe diuerted,  
The nobillite shall hun skobernes, and become gentill harted,  
These consuming Agonies which so much torment the minde,  
Of my singular sufferaigne, shalbe sure redyesse to finde. 1611

*Politicke* ¶ Bones of a Taber with this fact thee is pleased,  
She careth not so hir Lords paines be ealed,  
I haue not seene hir like, hir patience dothe exceed,  
I case no moze but God send us good speede,  
How many such be liuinge at this dave,  
Not one I coniecture for Grissills decaye,  
There be a nomber liuinge that Grissills haue to name,  
But yet very threwise by naturall disposicion,  
Their maners assuredly far differ from the same, 1620  
Let the married coart here of make deffinicion,  
For the woman oft times to choller the good man will prouoke,  
Be well assured they must heare the greatist stroake.

Take

# The Plaine of Patient Grissell.

*Grissell* ¶ Take here these Robes and ornaments costly,  
Take here these things and Juellus sumptuous,  
Take here the Ringe wher with we ioynd Matrimonie,  
Which daie was solemnysed and to all men ioyus,  
Bestow them where it shall please thee, my Lord most bountuous  
For all that euer I receiued of thee, I yeld thee againe,  
Being well contented in my former state to remaine,  
Yet moost worthie Lord, I do the humble desire,  
One simple houn graunt me for a recompence,  
The thinge is of small value that I shall require,  
Which I beg on my kneele with honor and reuerence.

1630

*Marquis* ¶ Speake Grissill if thy Boun be simple I graunt thy request  
Arise incontinent let it be forth exprest.

*Grissell* ¶ I thanke your honor for your beneuolence,  
Beseeching God to sheild thee from all in conuenience,  
On mee some time thy wise take remoyse,  
Extend not against me the fulnes of rigors force,  
But plant pittie in thy brest be somewhat more fauorable,  
Consider it were great ignomye to thy estate honorable,  
To send me awaie naked to my fathers cottage,  
And to me wretched wight ten times more domaige,  
For all creatures shall be houlde the secrete corps of myne,  
Which sometimes were most amorous and pleasant to thy eie,  
Grant therfore this request to me wofull wight,  
Let pittie subdue and banquish the rancozous spite,  
A simple Smocke to hide and couer my nakednes,  
Be it neuer so simple I besech your goodnes,  
Which I craue, to recompence my virginittie,  
The which I brought but cary not a waie with me,  
Let not me be made a lassing stocke I praise the,  
But grant my request and take pittie on me.

1640

1650

*Marquis* ¶ I grant thy desyre a Smocker thou shalt haue,  
And be conuaied to thy father like case.

*Grissell* ¶ Truly no other thinge of the I will craue,  
I praye God that in thy lyght I haue founde grace,  
And lyth this as my dowrye in aidge is ordained,  
Most louingly this scourge shalbe intertapped.

1660

*Marquis* ¶ Come Grissill with out lenger delaye,

# The Plaie of Patient Grissell.

Thou shalt to thy father this present daye.

*Grissell* ¶ Most willingly on your Lordship I will attend,  
Being desirous to him for to wend. *Exiunt.*

*Politicke* ¶ Ah sye this geare is trimly handled by St. tan,  
Howe saye you hath not Pollicie nowe playd the man,  
Shée shall home to her father see, this is trim:  
But her sudden fall will trouble the harte of him,  
Fare ye well all, I will bee packing,  
Tush ther wants a man, where Pollicie is lackyng.

*Exit.*

¶ Enter *Rumor* blowyng & puffing.

1671

*Rumor* ¶ What thyng so euer is attempted,  
Or throughe the world frequented,  
From *Rumor* can not concealed bee,  
For I spread it throughe the whole countrie,  
And nowe haue I occasion my troumpe to bloue,  
And expresse publishe poore Grissells woe,  
From the top of honoꝝ, the Marquis will her exile,  
For Fortune is fickle, although shee do smyle,  
Her chaunges vnstable, full of mutabylitie,  
Her wheele is full glyding, and of no certaintie,  
Her freshe village, full soone chaungeth cheare,  
As nowe by Lady Grissill, dorth playnly appeare,  
For shee is nowe throwne, from the top of prosperitie,  
And with old Hannickle, must suffer paynfull pouertie,  
Which fact swiftly throughe *Salutia* I will blowe,  
That all liuyng creatures his crueltie maye knowe.

1680

¶ Enter *Vulgas*.

*Vulgas* ¶ What Tumult throughe out *Salutia* is spred,  
A wonderfull Rumor among the commons is risen]of late,  
A sudden report throughe out the towne is fled:  
Which forceth vs all, to bewaile Grissells state,  
Agaynst her causeles is by him kyndled much debate,  
For hee will exile from him, this Ladie of excelence:  
And constrainē her nowe to lyue in needfull indigence,  
Which thing to thinke on, so pinche these our hartes,  
That for her sake wee are sayne teares to distill,  
Shée often reliued our penurpe and smartes,  
And therfore for her nowe, of foire lament I will:

1691

# The Plaine of Patient Grissell.

1700

It is euen so this chaunce hapneth most ill,  
Vnder the entreth alas and well awaye,  
Our harts ar made sorowfull to see this daie.

*Reason* ¶ Oh Ladie we mourne and shed teares, this daye to beholde.  
*Sobrietie* ¶ Our myndes are meadfull, pitious playntes wee vnfolde.  
*Grissell* ¶ Comfort your selues my Lordes, let heauines apart,

For Pacience to suffer this, hath armed my hart:  
This Crosse is not contemned, but willingly imbrased,  
On God my trust, and confidence is placed,  
Therefore mourne no more, be neyther sorowfull nor sad:  
But I reioyce in God, my hart is full glad.

1710

*Vulgas* ¶ Oh Grissill, Grissill, our hartes are full of heauines,  
Would God wee had toherwith, to couer thy nakednes:  
Then should wee ad remedie to this thy greef,  
Thou surelye at our handes, shouldste finde some releef:  
But woe be to this Marquis, which hath heaped thy payne,  
On his crueltie, wee haue iust cause to complayne:  
Woe be to this Marquis, ye curst be his dayes  
And this shalbe my prayer, nowe and alwayes. *Exit*

*Reason* ¶ Lowe Maddame, we approche your fathers house at this season.

*Grissell* ¶ Friends in place I haue ben very geason,  
But nowe my fathers presence I shall continually behoulde,  
Whose company to mee, is more dearer then Gould.

1720

*Ianickle* ¶ What clamorous noyse is this, that I heare,  
That all be not well, I greatly feare,  
Ahlas my Daughter Grissill, all naked I see,  
Which sight to discern, much greeueth mee,  
Well I will haste to cloth her, with all conuenient speed,  
With this ragged coat, which I hane kept .xii. yeares in deed.

*Reason* ¶ Behould father Ianickle, my Lord hath sent you a present.  
*Sobrietie.* ¶ For as mee came naked, so naked hee hath her sent.

1730

*Ianickle* ¶ Thanke my Lorde of his gentlenes and courtesie,  
Tell his honor my Daughter, is right welcome to me.

*Reason* ¶ Wee are but the messengers, of his honorable minde,  
And nowe that our functions is ended,  
Wee commit thee to God, Oh Grissill mooste kynde:  
To go homeward, wee are intended.

*Grissell* ¶ God in your goyng be your aid and guid,

Commend

# The Plaie of Patient Grissell.

Commend me to your Lord with humble salutation,  
Tell him I will praye for him daye time and tyde,  
I beseech God be his preseruacion.

1740

*Sobrietie*

¶ Grissill all that you haue said shall performed be,  
Father Iannickle our messaige is ended  
And God be with ye. *Exiunt*

*Ianickle*

¶ Fare ye well, God be your defender,  
For your Lordes courtesie, thanks to you I render.

Oh my chylde, and dearlye beloued,  
To pour forth foylon of teares, for thee I am moued:  
Oh harte breake in peeces, nowe sorowe is reuiued,  
To see thee of dignitie thus cleane depriued:  
Receauue thine owne Coate, and couer thy nakednes,  
Which I haue kept as treasure is, with dilligentnes:  
Euer doubting that this *Marquis* would displeased bee,  
With thy lowe estate, and indigent pouertie,  
What father could chuse, but on Fortune complayne,  
Which such hard Fate for thee doth ordayne,  
Oh froward Fortune, all together disceaueable,  
Full of Cerishe flatterye, all together varyable:  
The chaunges of thy hawtie wheele, to Luna I may compare,  
Who so trusteth thee hath often cause of care:  
From prosperitie to aduerstie the simple thou doste throe,  
Whie on thee Fortune, whiche art cause of my woe.

1750

1761

*Grissell*

¶ Oh father hee ioyfull & prayse God for my fall,  
For hee that gaue prosperitie, can send aduerstie:  
And at his prescript pleasure hee can swaidge the thzall,  
Of such as hee afflicted with needfull pouertie,  
Embrace Pacience, let go rashe timeritie:  
Blame not Fortune for my ouerthroe,  
It was the will of God, that it should be so:  
And what creature liuing, can withstand his prouidence,  
This Crosse is to trye vs, as hee doth his elect,  
Therefore good father, arme your selfe with Pacience:  
Let not murmuracion your hart infect,  
But blesse mee *Iehoua* whiche his doth direct,  
Then will hee protect vs, from daunger and harme,  
Therefore with Pacience, our selues let vs arme.

1770

¶ Daughter

# The Plaie of Patient Grissell.

*Ianickel* ¶ Daughter I praise God as dutie doth me hynde,  
But yet thys fall of thine will no part from my minde,  
Oh how is my hart perplexed with woe,  
Not one but God my anguish doth knowe.

*Grissill* ¶ Good father I beseeche you let mourninge asyde,  
Cast your care on God who for vs will prouide,  
These handes shunne idlenes the Purse of wickednes,  
My Rocke and Distaste, are instruments doubtles,  
With which as I haue in times past, so now in dead,  
Will I labor and toile our bodies to lead.

1780

¶ Enter Patience and Constancye.

*Patience* ¶ I represent a vertue called Patience,  
Very meete and needfull for such as suffer affliction,  
I comfort the mind tossed with inconuenience,  
And in struckt them humblye to suffer puniſſion,  
I teach them patiently to duer correction,  
So that in trouble I am a safe preservation,  
Meete for all those that hyde veracion.

1790

*Constanci* ¶ Like case I Constancie, am of like excellence  
I kepe the minde, vpriſht from the gulphes of dispaire,  
A sufficient preseruatiue am I, to the feeblede conscience  
I teach him on God to laye the yoke of all his care,  
Constancy causeth him to truth to repaire,  
So that who so hath vs, to much eale shall finde,  
For we are perſit props to the disquieted minde.

1800

*Patience* ¶ I patience expulſe teares lachrymable,  
And ad to the sorrowfull comfortable releef.

*Constanci* ¶ And I constancye, to the triſtfull am prophitable,  
I teach them amidst their trouble, to forget grief.

*Patience* ¶ To these two present, my selfe I iniugate.

*Constanci* ¶ With patience I constancy am alwaies confederate,  
And ther with them, lyke case I will respyde.

*Grissill* ¶ Father be ioyfull let your sorrowes slide,  
Behoulde these vertues which God hath vs sent,  
To imbrace pacyence with mee, good father be dilligent,  
This is a medisin for vs very comfortable.

1810

*Ianickel* ¶ Deare Daughter to your sayings I am agreable,  
Welcom patience anecessary instrument,

# The Plaie of Patient Grissell.

To them that in consyence do suffer torment.

*Grissell* ¶ Laye holde on Constancie, which from Dispaire will vs sheild.

*Ianakell* ¶ To do as you do, in all things I yeild.

*Grissill* ¶ So, now if you please let vs depart.

*Ianickell* ¶ I graunt to go hence with all my hart.

*Pacience* ¶ And I Pacience, on you will attend.

*Constanci* ¶ In stormes tribulous coustancye shall you defend.

*Exiunt*

*Diligence* ¶ From my Lord *Marquis*, euen now I am sent,

1821

Who euen now is ioined to Bullin Lagras,

To featch whom his new spouse a Lady excelent,

As beawtifull as euer the Greeke the *Hellin* was,

Whom *Paris* the Troyeane, hath wone in fight,

And brought to *Priams* Court, by puissaunt might.

But at this season accordinge to my Lords commaundiment,

Which with humillitie I will bringe to perfection,

As it becometh euery seruant to be dilligent,

So as I am charged, I will giue Grissill here of intellection,

Harkke, me thinkes I here heyr voice delectable,

1831

Suerly to vertue, this Lady was tractable,

How God be here, who resteth in this place.

*Grissell* ¶ My poore father and I this is a plaine case.

¶ Go once or twise about the Staige, let Grissill

Singe some longe, and sit Spinninge.

¶ A longe for Grissill, when the

Messenger commeth to hir.

*Grissell*

**H**ow greatly am I bounde to prayse

My God that lyts in Throne,

Which hath asswaiged by prouidence,

1840

My anguise and my mone.

¶ These vertues which with mee resyde

all greefes haue banisht quit,

Pacience do ease my heauines

and pensue pained plight.

¶ Ceke Constancye from all anoye

doth Grissill dayly sheild,

So that I will be ioyfull still,

and playe to God aye yelde.

1850

Which

# The Plaie of Patient Grissell.

¶ Which in this greuous dolfull fall,  
 such merrie doth extend:

As from the gulphes, of fond Dispaire,  
 his creatures doth defend.

¶ The surgyng Sea, so troublous,  
 which tost mee to and froe:

Whose watter waues had suncke mee nyghe,  
 In flooddes of deadlye woe,

¶ Alayed are, and I set free,  
 from perrell and from payne:

The Lord aboue, of his meare loue,  
 no doubt hath made mee fayne.

Finis.

1860

*Diligenc* ¶ God saue the Grissill, and sheild the from care,  
 My Lord Marquis, doth him to the commend,  
 Desiringe the home to his place, to repaire,  
 For to wed a new Lady, hee doth purpose and in tende,  
 But the rule of his house, is assined onlie to thee,  
 All the officers of his house, shall to thee obedient bee,  
 But aboue all thinges thou must make prouision,  
 That his newe Spouse maye be lodged after the best wise:  
 The order of all thinges, must bee assinde to thy discrecion,  
 All thinges shall bee done, as you do deuise.

1870

*Grissill* ¶ With all my harte I will laye my Rocke aside,  
 To pleasure his honor, in all that I can.

*Diligenc* ¶ Then in this place, let vs no lenger abyde,  
 For I purpose to bee your waityng man.

*Exiunt.*

*Marques* ¶ Come on my Ladie deere, my Spouse and louing mate,  
 The gods be blest which vnto mee, haue giuen such luckye Fate,  
 As to inioye so faire a wife, whose feature doth excell,  
 The Goulden Nymphes, and Muses nine, which on *Pernasso* dwell:  
 These armes thy corps embrace, on thee my ioye dependes,  
 To pleasure thee my Ladie deare, thy husbands minde attends.

1879

*Daughter* ¶ And eke to thee as dutie byndes, loues fruites I will imparte,  
 Thou onely my beloued mate, inioyest thy seruants harte:  
 The fruites of frendly loue, to thee shall still be showane,  
 My hart is thine, receaue the same, and take it as thine owne.

*Marques* ¶ Possesse thou myne while death deuide, & thied my file in twain,  
 As long as life abides in corps, thine owne I will remaine:  
 Reioyce ye Nobles all, deere sister ioyfull bee,

## The Plaie of Patient Grissell.

- Countis* For nowe my ioyes increased are, my *Nuptialls* you shall see, 1890  
 And Brother mine gods giue you ioye, & lengthen long your liues;  
 Be present *Himeneus* thou, the banquisher of strifes:  
 Subdue the Furies fell, whose villages vgly blacke,  
 Prognosticate that ioyfull ioyes, shall come to ruinous wracke.
- Brother* Amen and *Ioue*, that rules, the earth and heauen aboue,  
 The Plannits leauen and euery thyng, that orderly doth moue,  
 Sende such increale of frendlines, that discords fruits may cease,  
 And faithfull loue betwixt you twaine, may more & more increase.
- Marquis* I thanke you both for your good wills, now let vs haste awaye,  
 In pompous wise to solemnise, our happye spousall daye. 1900
- Grissill* Now that I haue set all thinges in aredines,  
 For the commyng of my Lord, I purpose to attend,  
 Whose honnor I will receaue with willingnes:  
 And the fruites of good will to him still ostend,  
 Pacience is the Buckler wherewith I contend,  
 And Constancie in combat, stayeth mee vpright,  
 These so arme mee, that I can not be banquisht in fight:  
 Lo behold ponder thay begin in presence to appeare,  
 Certes his spouse is wonderfull Amorous,  
 With him lyke case, commeth a youngman wonderfull fayre,  
 I will salute them with loquie courtuous: 1911  
 God saue you my Lorde, and send you his peace,  
 Welcome fayre Ladye, God send thee prosperitie,  
 God blesse the O my Lord, with Wisdomes increase,  
 God preserue you all, right worthy Nobillitie.  
 God graunt you to spende your time in tranquillitie:  
 God streame on thy famous assemby, the spirit of grace,  
 And graunt you long, on earth to conne your race.
- Marquis* Wee thanke thee Grissill for thy courtuous salutation,  
 And regreet thee agayne, with like gratulation, 1920  
 But tell one thinge, that I shall of thee requyre,  
 Shewe frankly thy minde, I do thee homblie desyre:  
 Howe saist thou? is not my spouse beautifull and faire,  
 Bathe not I praye thee, but bouldly thy fancie declare.
- Grissell* My Lorde touching your inquisition,  
 Gladly ye shall heare poore Grissills diffinition:  
 Her comly shape Nature hath framd aright,

# The Plaie of Patient Grissell.

Each lively lim appeares, full shining in my sight,  
 Her billaige white, with rednes mixt I deeme,  
 Would moue euery creature, her beautie to esteeme,  
 And to conclude, in my simple iudgement,  
 Ther can not in the world bee a fairer, this is eident:  
 But harke my Lord, what I saye to thee agayne,  
 Take heed thou picke her not, with the Needles of disdayne:  
 As thou hast done the other, for shee hath bin brought vp dayntelie,  
 And peraduenture, can not take the matter so patientlie.

1930

*Marquis*

Oh Grissill, thy Vertues I must commend,  
 Euen thou onely, deseruest perpetuall prayse:  
 What tounge sufficiently, can thy laude ostend,  
 I haue not seene thy lyke in all my dayes,  
 For faithfull loue, thou doest far exceed,  
 Dido, Penelope, or anie such in dead:

1940

Thou onely art my Spoule, and beloued mate,  
 Thee onely I fancye, all other Spoucalls I hate:  
 And this Virgin which thou deemest, my Spouse shall bee,  
 Is thy Daughter and mine, this is the veritie,  
 And this young man, which thou seeist in sight,  
 Is thy sonne and mine, my loue and Ladie bright:  
 They were not dayne, but nourished tenderlye,  
 With my sister, the Countis of Pango berelye:  
 Therfore be ioyfull, let sorowes asyde,  
 Thou art my loue, my Ladie, and Byde:  
 And this whiche I haue done, I promise thee I,  
 Was done for this cause, thy Pacience to trye.

1950

*Grissell*

My Children, oh mosse fortunate daye,  
 Blessed be God, that kept you from decaye: I fall downe.  
 Ah I thought the sword, had ended your race,  
 But now I praye God, I beue your comlye face.

*Daughter*

Ah my sweet mother, did thou suffer such payne,  
 For mee thy Childe, great is thy Pacience,  
 God graunt I maye kindly, reward thee agayne,  
 With the perfectte fructes, of Childlie obedience.

1960

*Sonne*

Ah deare mother, in whose wombe I was nourished,  
 And thearin by deuine essence, fortye weekes cherished,  
 Hast thou suffered for mee, such anguishing tribulation,

# The Plaie of Patient Grissell.

God graunt I may requite the, with condinge veneration.

*Countis* Ah Syfter great cause haue you ioyfull to bee.

*Grissill* Ah it delighteth me much, my Children to see,

My ioyes so farre exceed and be innumerable,

That no wight liuinge, to shooe them is able,

I can not bitter my minde teares so abounde,

Wherefore at this instant, let vs depert this place.

*Reason* We are glad that Grissill such fauor hath founde.

*Sobrietie* Truly these tydynges, the commons will solace.

*Marques* Come on Nobillitie, let vs hence wend.

*All* On your honor willinglye we will attend. *Exiunt.*

*Ianickell* Much musinge in minde, wheare my Grissill is thus longe,

My waueringe minde is tossed, with thoughts to and froe,

I pray God this *Marques*, haue done hir no wronge,

For sought meanes further, to trouble me w<sup>th</sup> greefe and woe,

For then shall ould *Ianickle*, his life soone for goe,

Hir domadge is mine, hir harme as mine I take,

Till such time as I see hir, my sorowes can not slake,

Good lucke I trust, for the *Marquis* entreteth this place,

I will hast to him with all festinacyon,

And rest me behinde him, alittill space,

Peraduenture I shall heare newes, by his communication.

*Marquis* What saie you my Lords, doth not Grissill excell.

*Reason* From all spoused Dames she beareth the Bell,

I haue not seene hir like since the time of my creation,

Worthely deserueth her, praise and laudacyon.

*Sobriete* Grissill your spouse dothe merrit commendacion,

Hir Fame is blowne through euery nacion,

All creatuers liuinge may speake of hir praise,

I neuer knew hir like in all my life daies.

*Marquis* Then this one thinge I praise you tell me,

Is it not conuenient, that after me hir Children raine,

And inioye ouer *Salutia*, rule and dignitie,

Here in I desire you shooe your iudgmentes plaine.

*Reason.* Right honorable Lord a hoyding daingers, and doubtis scrupelous

I franckly and freely, make protestacyon,

That hir condiscion, beinge as they be most vertuous

Shall cause hir Children to be had in estimacion,

1981

1990

2001

And

## The Plaie of Patient Grissell.

And God willinge as our Superiours, they shall rule this nation,  
For sith they be the fruts, which from your loynes did pceed,  
Of force they shall posses, your inheritance in dead.

*Sobrietie.* And I plight my faith therto, for persourmaunce of the same,  
Els God confound me with confusion and shame.

*Marquis* I giue you most humble thankes for your good will,  
In that ye are bent to mine, after me a legeaunce to fulfill,  
Come on I besech ye and walke with me a littill waye.

2011

*Both* We are readie prest, your honoz to obase.

*Ianickell* These comfortable tidinges, comfort my aiged hart,  
Be merry now *Ianickel* let all sorowes departe,  
Blessed be God the giuer of all consolacion,  
Which hath stirred this *Marquis* on Grissill to take compassion.

*Marques* God speede good father, how is it with thee,  
Thinke not but thou art highly beloued of mee,  
Oh thy curtuosie in my syght hath found grace,  
Not as a strainger, but as my father I the imbrace,  
Put of these garments for thee most vnfitte,  
For thou shalt be honored through out this Cittie,  
Cloth thy selfe with these Dynaments with out lenger delaie,  
Helpe my Pobilitie, my father to araye,  
Shall not I loue thee, and yeld the veneration,  
Which to my spoused mate extendest compassion,  
To harbor hir in neade you doubtles were dilligent,  
Therefore to prefer thee to honoz, I iudge it conuenient,  
With in my rouse thou shalt be placed,  
Let loyes a bound, and sorowes be defaced.

2020

2030

*Ianickell* Oh honorable Lord, Ioue reward this kindnes,  
Which to me poore *Ianickle*, you presently offend,  
God in crease the with wilddom, I besech his goodnes,  
And from all daingers thy person defend,  
Which the fullnes of frendship dost frendly extend,  
To me croked wight, and my Daughter thy wise,  
I beinge half dead, you haue reuiued my life.

*Marquis* O Father repeat not my vnkindnes I pray the,  
Which afflicted thy Child, with the scourge of aduerstie,  
But learne now in thine ould daies soyfull to be,  
And posses with vs Gods gift prosperitie,

2040

H.iiii.

Come

# The Plaie of Patient Grissell.

Come on to our Mansyon, let vs all together repaire.

*All* ¶ To waight on your honor we dilligent are. *Exiunt.*

*Grissell* ¶ Come on my deare Syfter whose kindnes to recompence,  
Poore Grissell is vnable, which keptt from inconuenience,  
My Children, forstinge them as thine owne  
God graunt my good will to the may be showane.

*Countis* ¶ Syfter that which I did, proceeded from my hart,  
It suffizeth me that thanks to me ye do imparte.

*Grissell* ¶ Els might I be counted of all creatures most vnkinde,  
Vnely your kindnes, shall neuer out of my minde,  
Oh my Children, your Mothers hart is made saine,  
Where as with *Cleopatra*, I had cause to complaine,  
Now reiectt I sorowe, and mourning cheare  
And constrained am to ioye, to see you liuinge heare.

2050

*Daughter* ¶ Oh my beloued Mother, great was the tribulacion,  
Which your Motherly hart for vs did indure.

*Sonne* ¶ But now our plesence, ten times more consolacion,  
To you I hope shall dailye procure.

*Grissell* ¶ Truth, but yet one thinge doubtles in creaseth my sorow,  
And will force me to shed teares, euen and morowe,  
Oh my deare Father thy absence I be waille,  
To see thee suffer indigente greef, doth my hart assaile  
Would God with in our route, thou mightest thy place in ioye  
Then doubtles weare eased my greef and anioie,  
Let me see oh hart thy dolors abrogate,

2061

Let ioye abound thy former solace reuocate,  
Beholde thy husband and thy Fathers aidged face,  
Who both together frendly do entder this place,  
His rags are chainged to Sylkes I perpytly see,  
Now know I asuredly my Lord doth fauor mee.

2070

*Marques* ¶ Come on good Father, reioyce and be mearie,  
With penyue state I iudge you be weareye,  
Behould thy Daughter my Ladie and wife,  
With whom God willinge, I will end this life,  
Behoulde my two Children reuiue thy selfe againe,  
Imbrace gladnes, oblight thy former payne.

*Ianickle* ¶ God be blessed, which from so great aduersitie,  
Hath elleuated vs to great prosperitie,

# The Plaie of Patient Grissell.

Ah sweete Children God blesse you, and send you his grace,  
 My hart doth leape to behoulde your face,  
 Now haue I seene that, which I longe to see despyred haue,  
 Now doth my hoarie head couit the graue,  
 Now doth death delaie time and spare his dact,  
 And will not sonder, ould *Ianickells* hart.

2081

*Grissell* ¶ Good father couit not death, your race is not runne,  
 The destinies more lenger, your thready haue sponne.

*Sonne* ¶ Oh Grandfather prayse God, and wishe not your death.

*Daughter* ¶ I pray rather desire him, to lengthen your Breathe.

*Marques* ¶ Come on now let vs to our place with ioyfullnes,

*All* ¶ We all will attend on you with willynghes.

*Exiunt.*

2090

¶ The last speaker.

*Postemus* ¶ Here to conclude right gentell audience,

*Actor* At this season, wee purpose and intend

Besechinge you all, with vs to haue pacience,

For loath would we be, the simplest here to offend,

In our auctors behalfe to you we did commend,

This historie, wherein we haue bin bound to shew

What vertues in *Grissell*, that *Ladie* did shew:

Although rude our doinges, and auctors metoꝝ bee,

Yet seeme not vs, nor him to deface,

We submit our selues, vnto your iudgmentes wee

And thus we knit vp, with support of your grace.

Desiringe your praiers with vs in this case,

In which our Noble Queene *Elisabeth*, to you we commend,

Whom God in the Bowels of his mercy do defend,

Blesse hir O Father, and graunt hir *Nesfors* dayes,

Shield hir with the wings of his mercie and grace,

That as shee hath begon to set forward thy praise,

So strengthe hir Lord, to aduance thine honoꝝ in euery place,

Hyꝝ foes and enemies vtterlye deface,

Whether they be foꝝren oꝝ ciuill, let their confusion be seene

Lord blisse thou our lande, and pꝛeserue our Royall Queene.

The Lords of the Councell, Lord Gouverne aryght,

That they may be mindfull of the common weale,

Shadowe and defend them, with thy glorious spright,

2100

2111

# The Plaine of Patient Grissell.

That vnto thy truth they may heare loue and zeale,  
Vnto them (O God) the spright of knowledge reueale,  
That synne may be extirped and rooted out quight,  
And we vnto truth, and virtue, for our delight.

Finis. qd. John Phillipp.

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